

G.
I.
J.
O.
E.



More Gal Trouble When **THE TIGRESS RETURNS** **10c**
52 BIG PAGES

GI Joe

No. 10
APRIL

**Joe Flies
The Payroll**





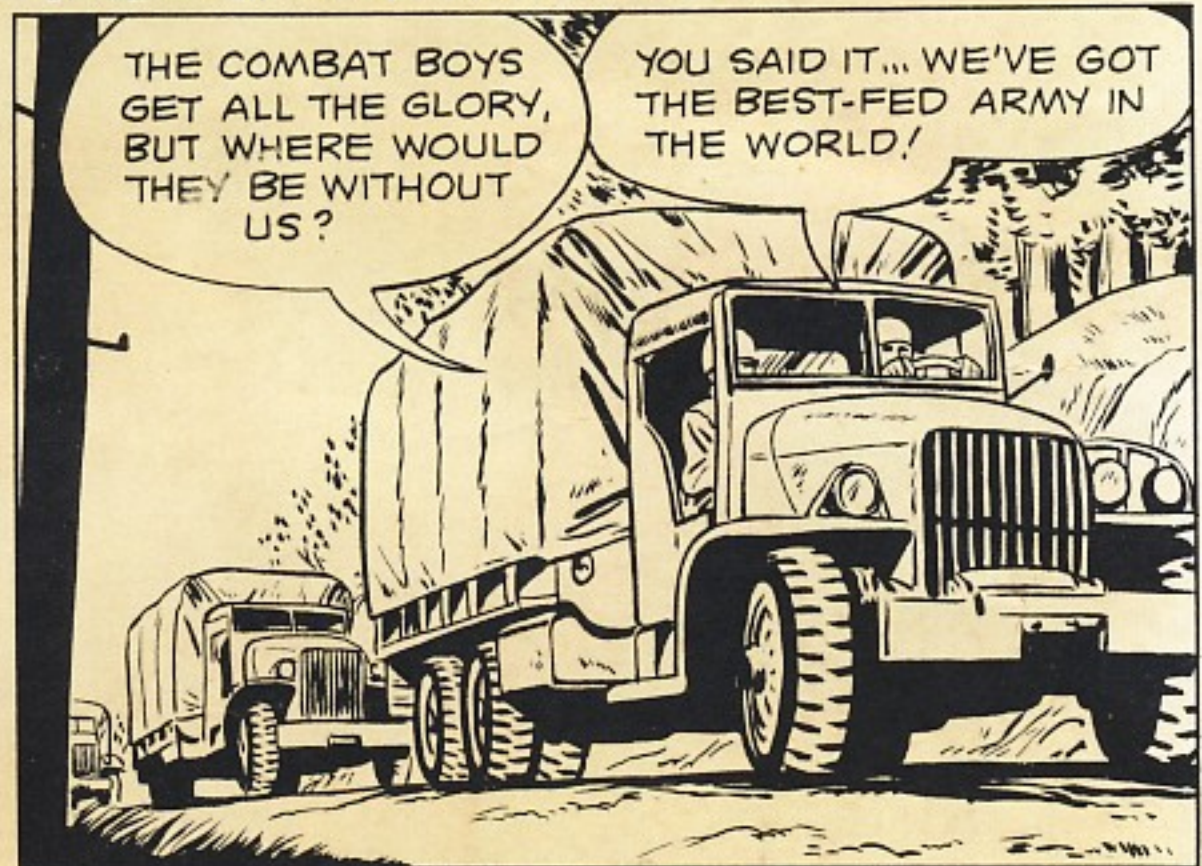
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G.I. FACTS *and* FIGURES

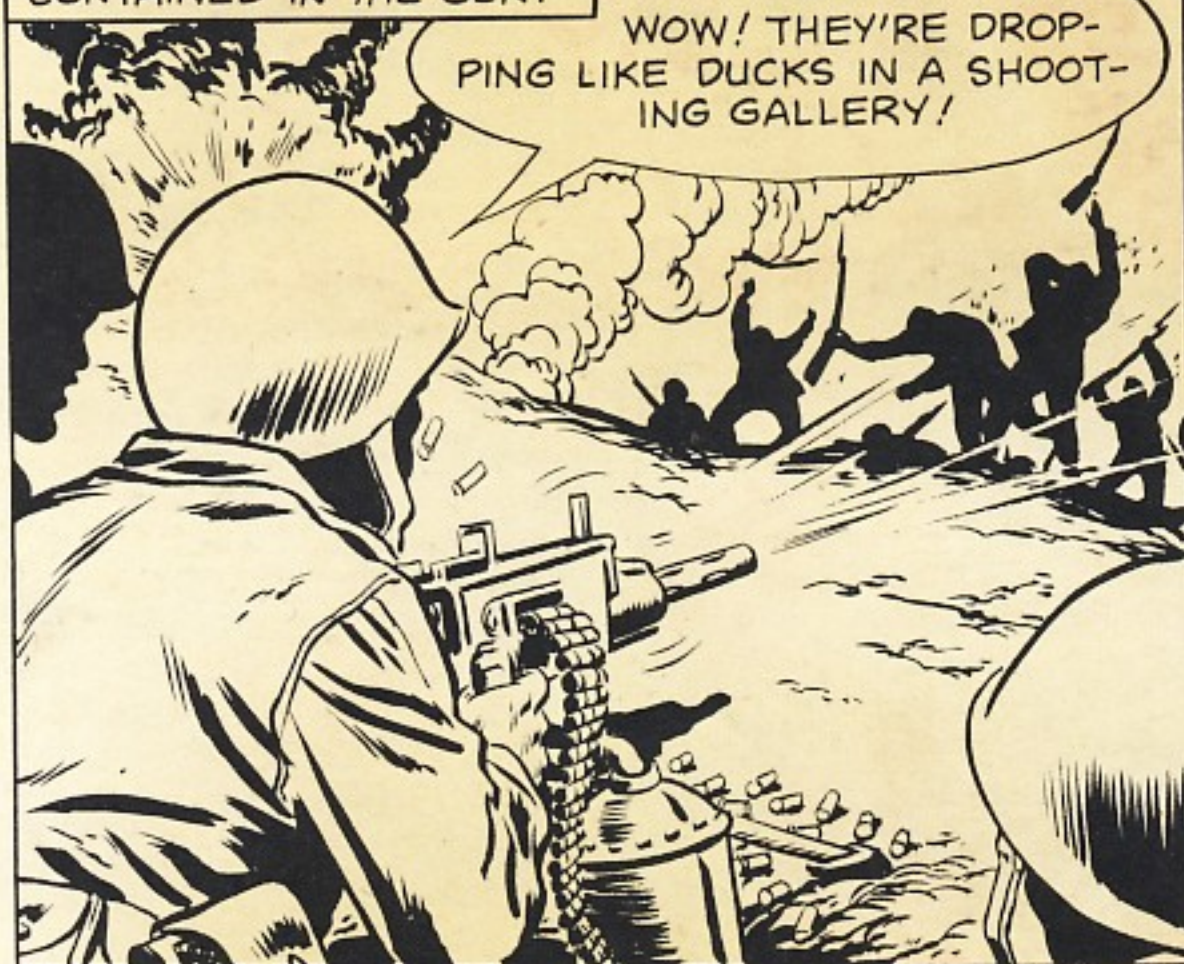
WHILE CROSSING A BRIDGE SOLDIERS **ALWAYS BREAK STEP!** THE REGULAR AND REPEATED CADENCE OF MARCHING FEET SETS A BRIDGE IN VIBRATION, WHICH IN TURN COULD CAUSE STRAIN SEVERE ENOUGH TO COLLAPSE THE STRUCTURE!



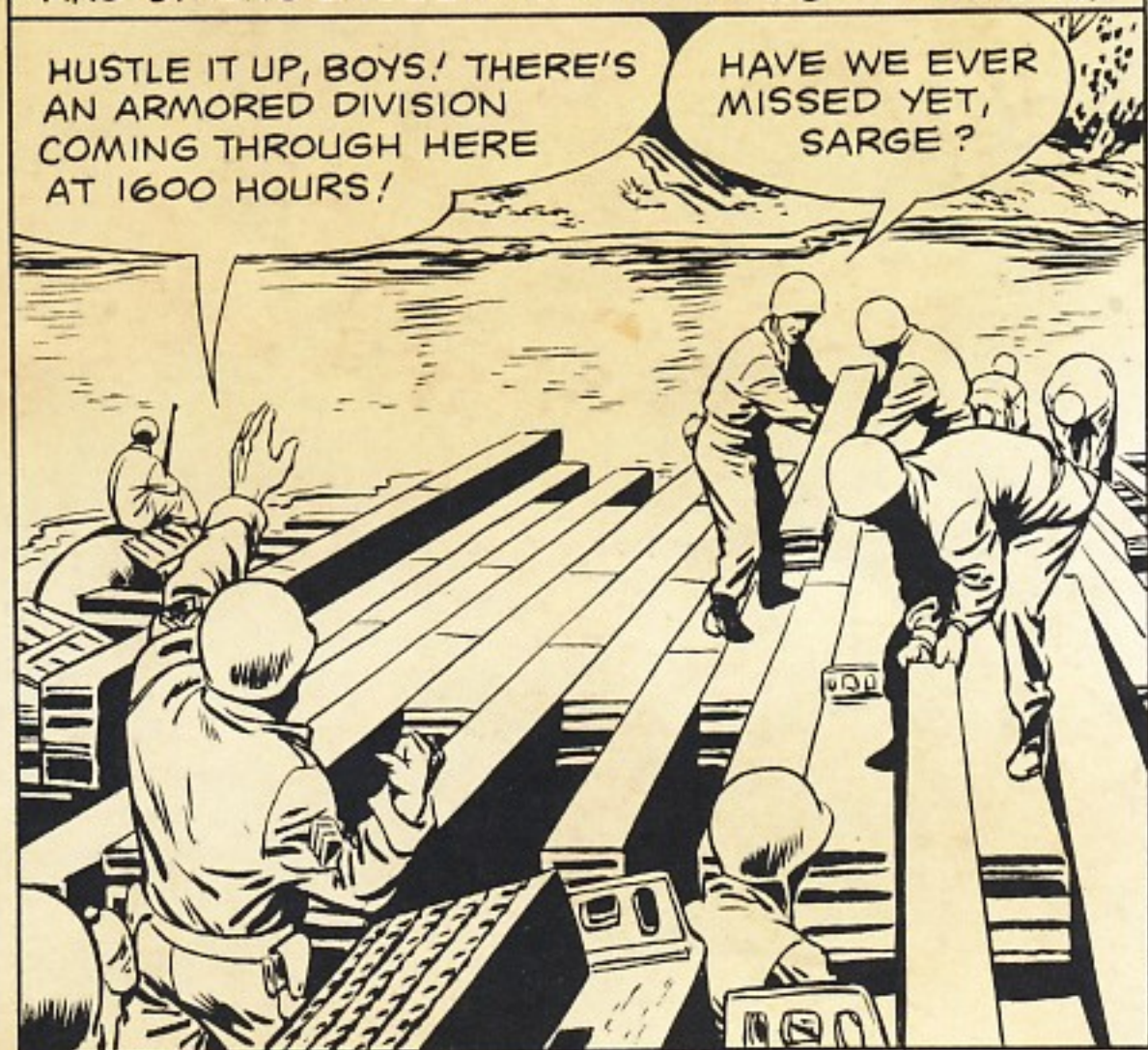
FOR EVERY MAN OVERSEAS THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS HAS AT LEAST **9 MONTHS SUPPLY OF FOOD TIED UP**... THREE MONTHS SUPPLY AT OVERSEAS BASE, 45 DAYS SUPPLY FROM BASE TO FRONT, 30 DAYS SUPPLY ON HIGH SEAS, 60 DAYS SUPPLY AT U.S. PORTS, 15 DAYS SUPPLY EN ROUTE TO DOMESTIC PORTS AND 25 DAYS SUPPLY IN RESERVE IN CASE OF SINKING ON HIGH SEAS.



DURING WORLD WAR II THE ARMY PERFECTED A "MIRACLE GUN" WHICH FIRED **12,000 SHOTS A MINUTE** WITH **NO FLASH, NO REPORT** AND USING **NO POWDER!** IT OPERATED BY **COMPRESSED AIR** WHICH IS SUPPLIED BY A TANK CONTAINED IN THE GUN!



IN ONLY **TWO HOURS** THE U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS CAN BUILD A PONTOON BRIDGE **315 FEET LONG**, AND STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY A **28-TON TANK!**



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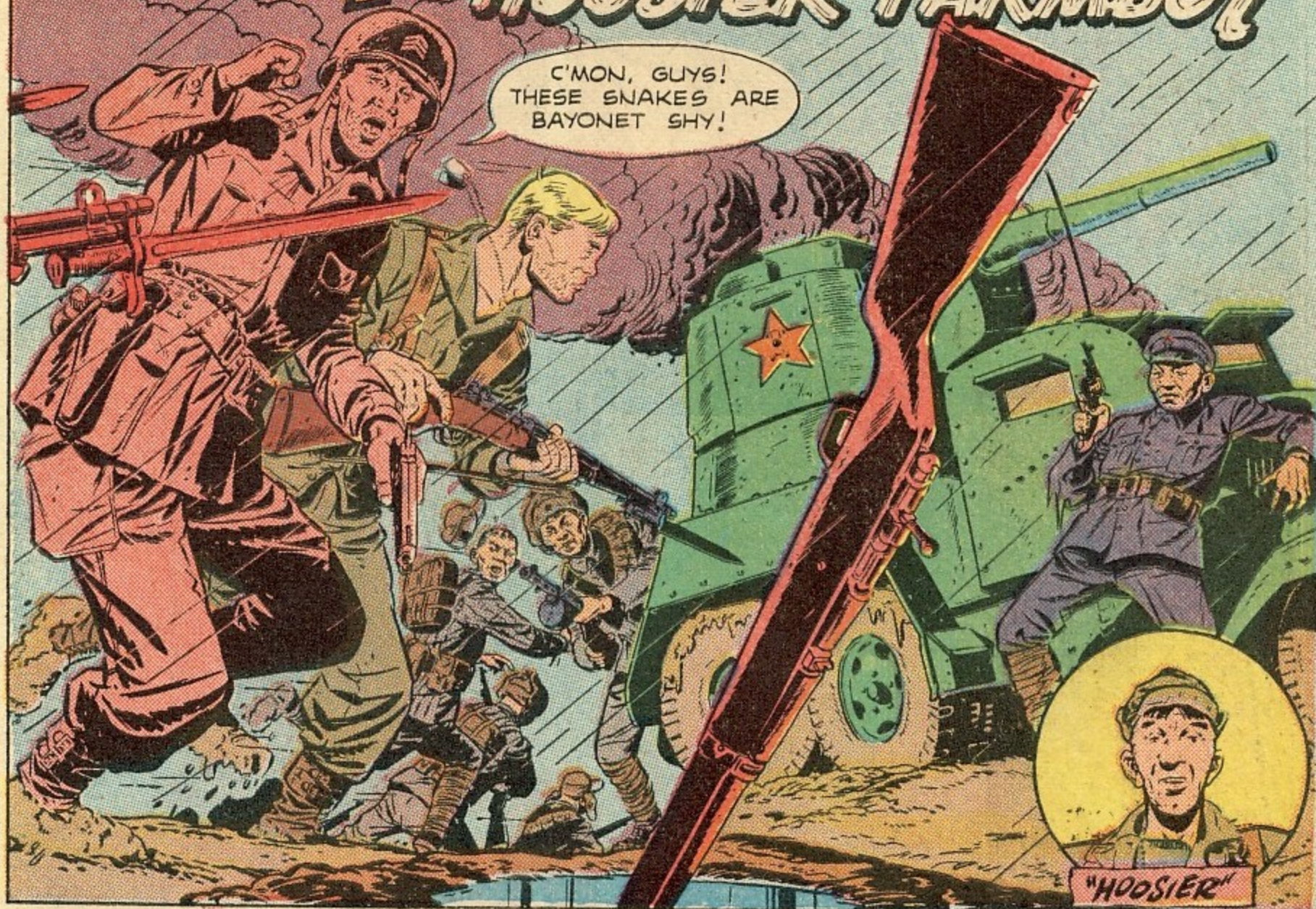
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

G.I. Joe

in HOOSIER FARMBOY

ON THE BLOODY FIGHTING NORTH OF WONSON, "BAKER" COMPANY IS SPEARHEADING A GENERAL OFFENSIVE. BUT THE REDS HOLD ON UNTIL THE YANKS UNLEASH A FIERCE BAYONET ATTACK. AS THE COLD STEEL FLASHES, ENEMY RESISTANCE MELTS...

C'MON, GUYS!
THESE SNAKES ARE
BAYONET SHY!

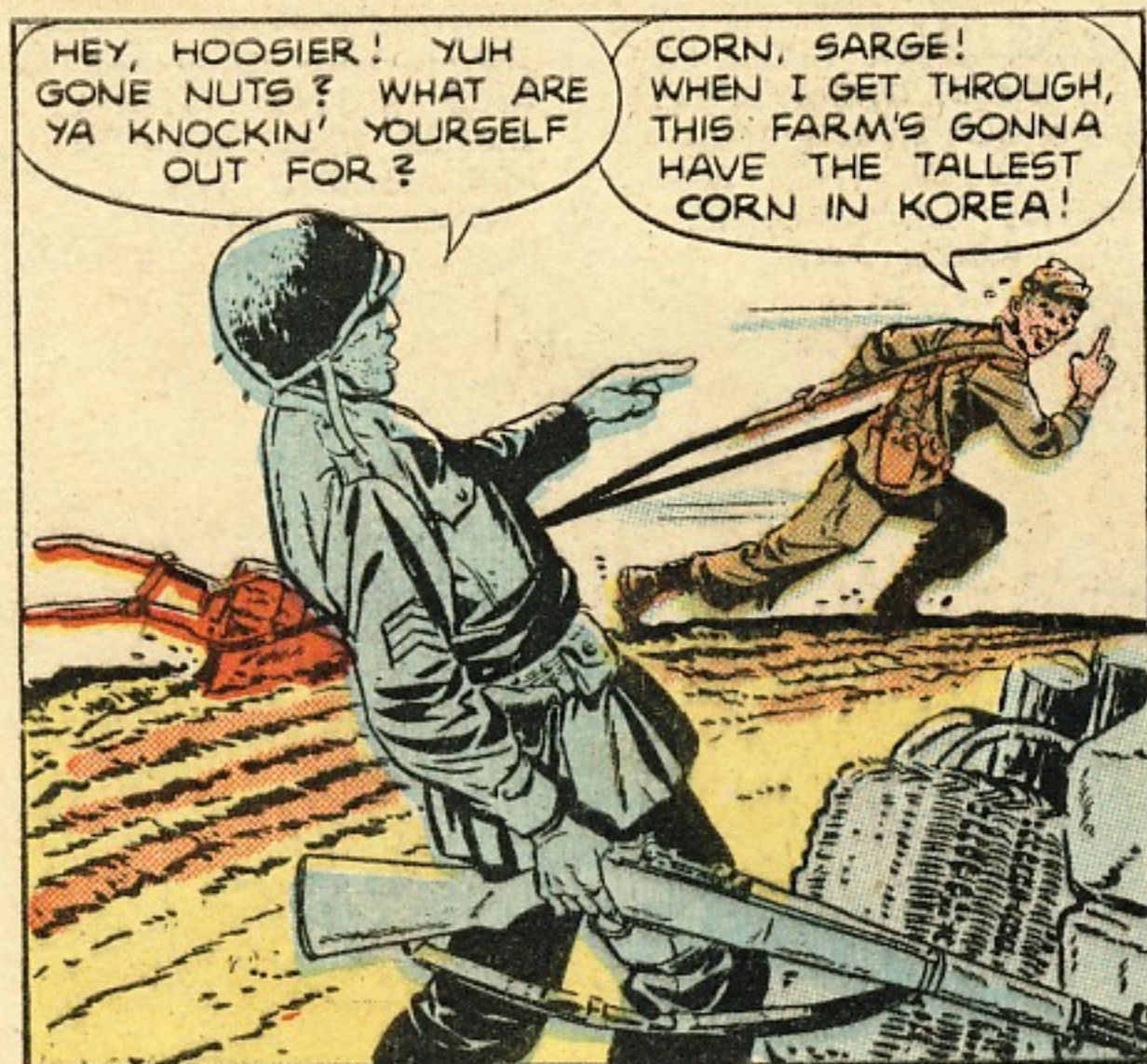
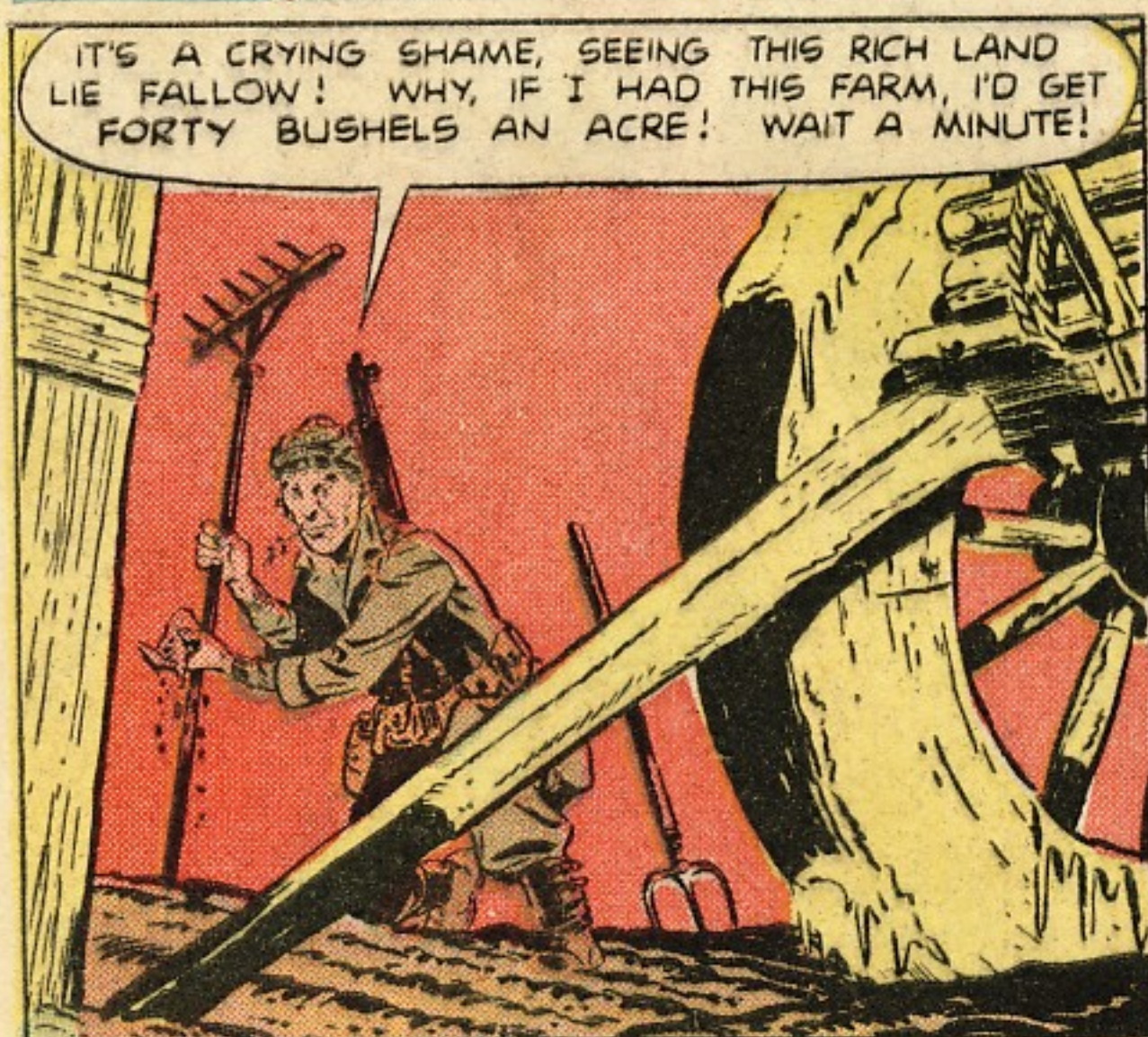


WHEW! NEVER THOUGHT
WE'D FIGHT THEM OFF!
OKAY, GUYS, WE CAN
HOLE UP IN THAT FARM-
HOUSE! LOOKS LIKE
THE REDS ARE
GONE!

SAY! THIS IS A PRETTY
NICE LOOKIN' FARM!
GUESS THE FARMER
PULLED OUT WHEN THE
SHOOTIN' STARTED!

C'MON! RIGHT
NOW, ALL I'M THINKIN'
ABOUT IS DRYIN'
OFF THESE SOAKIN'
DOGS OF MINE!





BUT THEN, THAT EVENING...

THE REDS ARE STARTING AN ATTACK! GRAB YOUR WEAPONS, AND HEAD FOR THE HIGH GROUND BEHIND THE FARM!

BOY! THEM MORTARS ARE ZEROED IN! LET'S BEAT IT!



HEY, SARGE! SOMEBODY'S GOT A MACHINE GUN! AN' HE'S HOLDIN' OFF THE REDS!

I'LL BET I KNOW WHO IT IS!



IT'S HOOSIER! HE'S FIGHTIN' MAD TO HOLD ON TO THAT FARM, A LOUSY HUNK OF DIRT!

C'MON, GUYS, HOOSIER NEEDS A HAND! UP AN' AT 'EM!



THE SMALL SQUAD MANAGES TO DRIVE THE REDS BACK. AND WHEN ALL IS STILL...

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER—THE SMALL SQUAD IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE MOVE...

LISTEN HERE, PVT. HAWKINS—I'M STILL SERGEANT IN THIS MAN'S ARMY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

IT'S LIKE THIS, SARGE! AFTER I PLOWED THE LAND AND SEEDED IT DOWN, I FELT IT WAS MINE! IF THEM COM-MIES BROKE THROUGH THEY WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

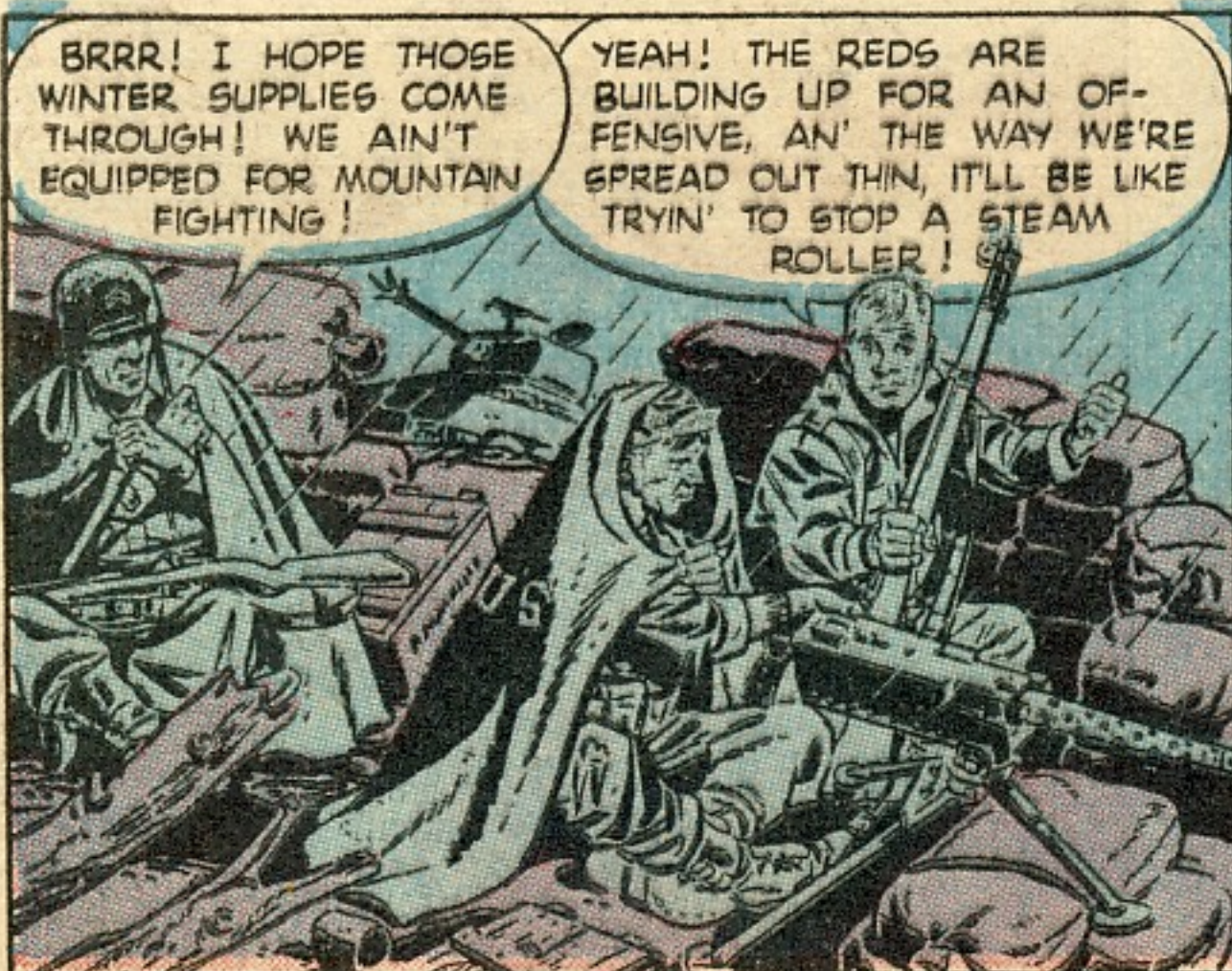


I GUESS I'LL NEVER SEE THIS LITTLE OLD FARM AGAIN, JOE! SHE SHORE LOOKS MIGHTY PRETTY THE WAY THEM SPROUTS ARE COMIN' UP!

WHO KNOWS, HOOSIER? MAYBE YOU'LL GET T'SEE HER AGAIN! THIS IS WAR—NOTHIN'S IMPOSSIBLE!



MULVANEY'S SQUAD JOINS "BAKER" COMPANY, AND SOON THEY HEAD NORTH TO MEET THE RED ARMIES. A MONTH PASSES...



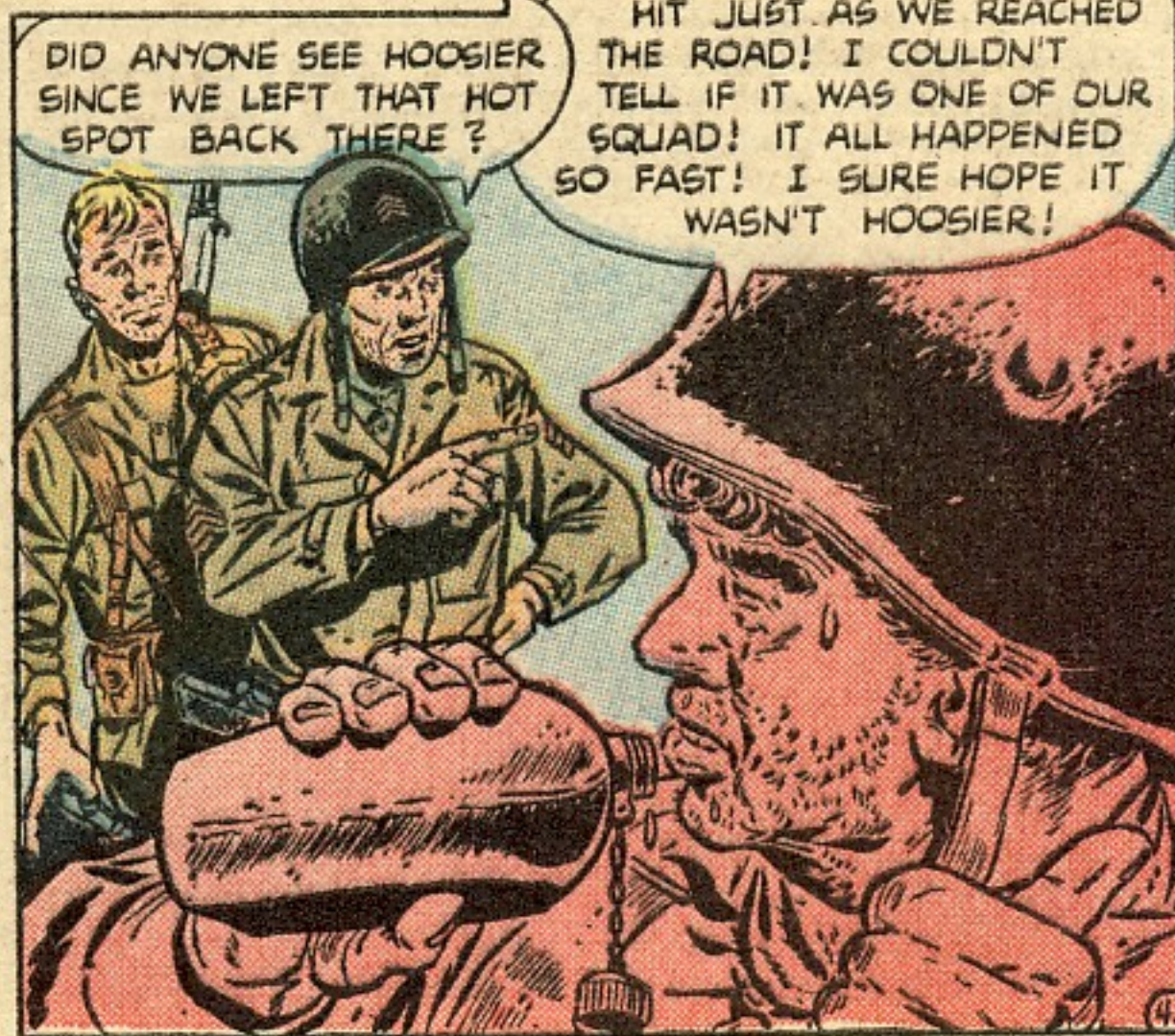
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



BUT JUST AS HOOSIER REACHES THE SAFETY OF THE BRUSH...



AN HOUR LATER...



AND IN THE SCANT SHELTER OF THE BRUSH...



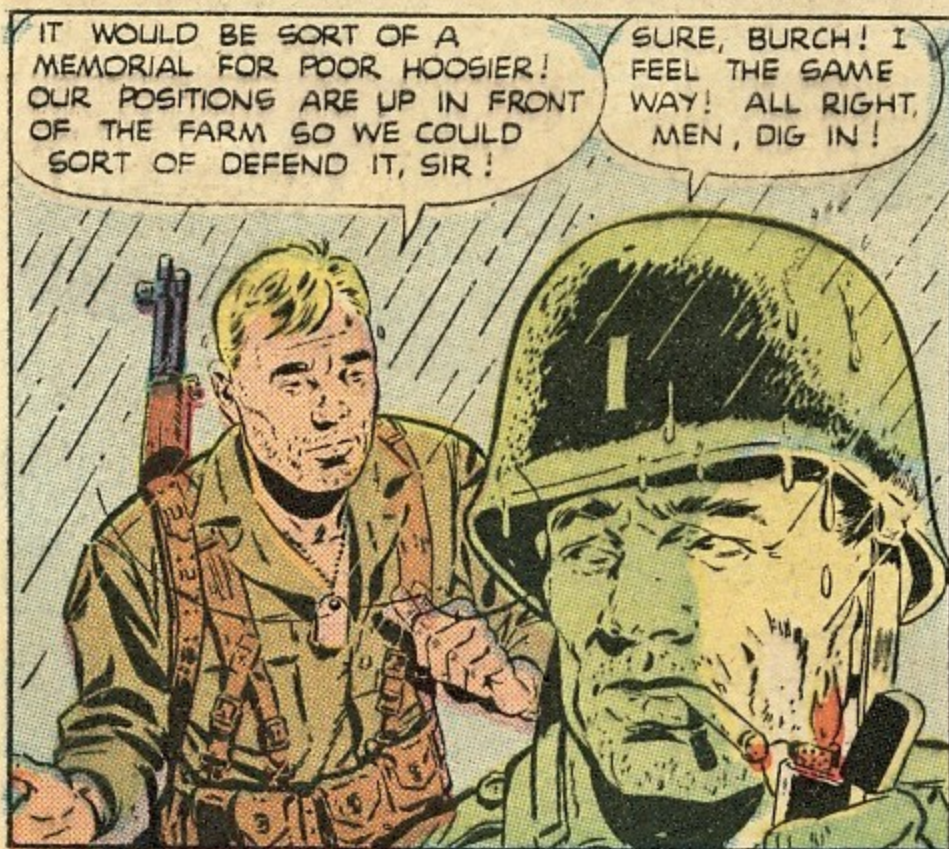
THAT NIGHT...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



MEANWHILE, TEN MILES TO THE WEST, AT THE OLD FARM...



THE ENEMY BATTERS "BAKER" COMPANY'S POSITIONS FOR TWENTY HOURS, AND THEN...



AND SOON, AN ARMADA ROARS DOWN TO BREAK THE BACK OF THE ENEMY ATTACK...

ALL IS QUIET THE NEXT DAY, AND THE G.I.'S REST...



OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL BUZZARDS!

JUST LOOK AT 'EM RUN, SARGE! THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR MANCHURIA!



IF HOOSIER COULD ONLY SEE THIS, HE WOULD BE THE HAPPIEST GUY IN THE WORLD!

HEY, JOE-LOOK!



GODS OF FORTUNE! I DID NOT PLOUGH AND I DID NOT SOW, YET HERE IS THE GREATEST CROP MY POOR FARM HAS EVER GROWN!

YEAH-AN' YOU CAN THANK A DARN GOOD SOLDIER! HE DID ALL THIS! NOW HE-HE'S DEAD!



WHO'S DEAD? IF I CAN STILL SIT UP, YOU GUYS CAN'T BURY ME!

HOOSIER!



MY UNDYING THANKS! THIS WINTER MY FAMILY AND MY NEIGHBORS WILL BE FED! HOW CAN I REPAY YOU?

BUT I OWE YOU MY LIFE! I WOULD HAVE DIED ON THE ROAD IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG!

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN A TOKYO HOSPITAL...



U.S. ARMY HOSPITAL
TOKYO

Dear Pappy,
Well, what do you know!
Between battles your hoosier
farm-boy brought in a
bumper corn-crop just like
down home. More important-
I planted corn and harrow-
ested real friend-ship.
Now I'm beginning to
under-stand what
we're fighting
for! Your
Sm, Wooten

THE
END

G.I. Joe in *The* EAGLE SCREAMS

FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS ALLIED FIREPOWER HAS CONCENTRATED ON A KEY KOREAN AIRSTRIP. NOW THE ENEMY, THOROUGHLY BEATEN, HAS ABANDONED THE AIRFIELD. "BAKER" COMPANY IS ONE OF THE UNITS TO MOVE IN AND SECURE THE FIELD UNTIL AIR FORCE PERSONNEL CAN TAKE OVER AND PUT THE AIRSTRIP INTO OPERATION...



I WANT TWO SQUADS TO MOVE THROUGH THOSE HANGARS AND BARRACKS! CHECK FOR BOOBY TRAPS! AND KEEP ON YOUR TOES-- THERE MAY BE SNIPERS!

RIGHT, SARGE! LET'S GO, MEN!

AND WITHIN AN HOUR, THE AIR FORCE ARRIVES...

WELL, HERE'S YOUR FIELD, MAJOR! SORRY FOR THE CONDITION OF THE RUNWAYS, BUT WE HAD TO GET TOUGH ON THOSE REDS BEFORE THEY GOT THE IDEA!

WE CAN NEVER COMPLAIN ABOUT THE INFANTRY, CAPTAIN. AS FOR THIS BATTERED AIRFIELD, GHQ IS SENDING DOWN A CONSTRUCTION

BATTALION TO MAKE REPAIRS.



AND SOON...

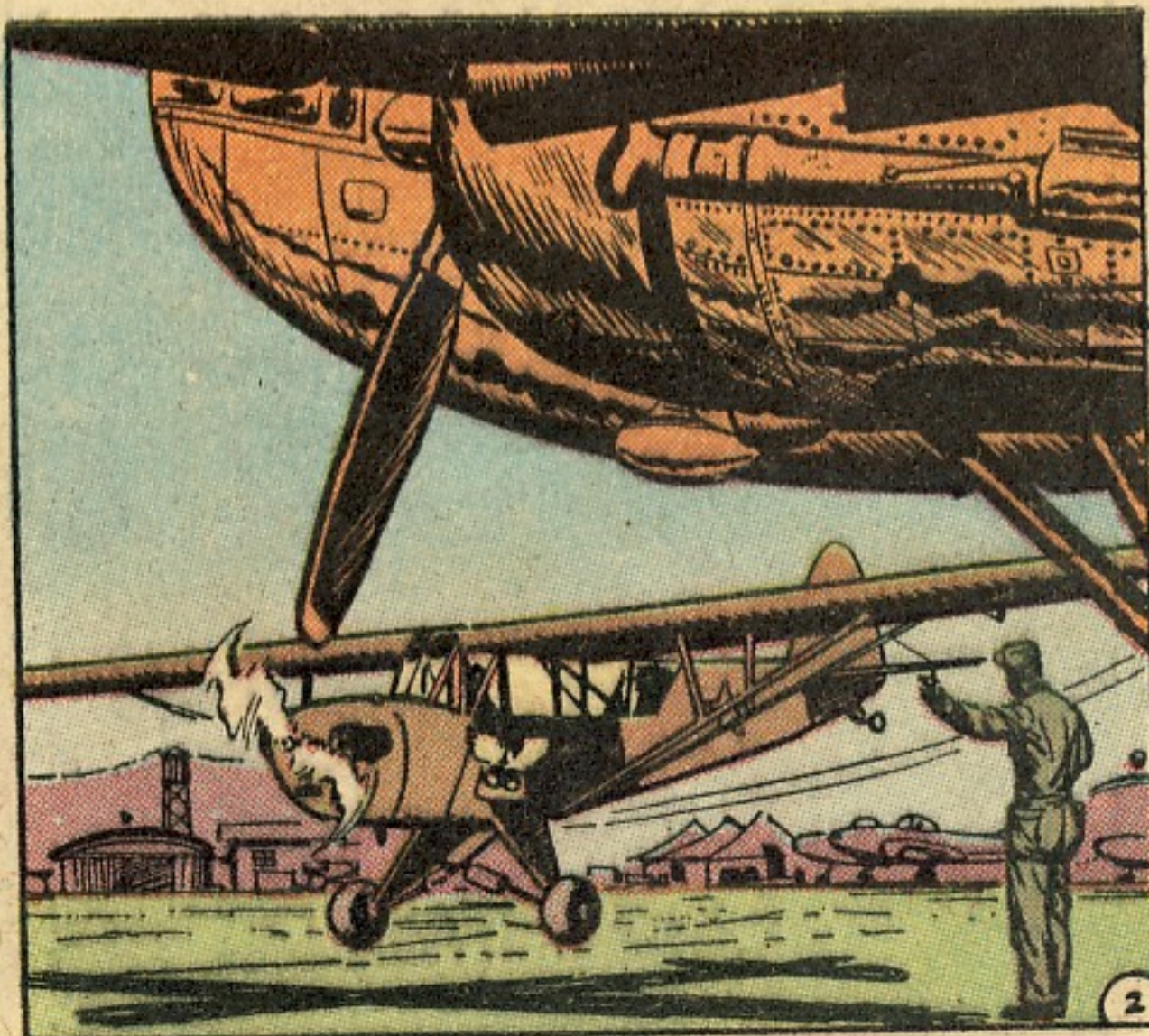
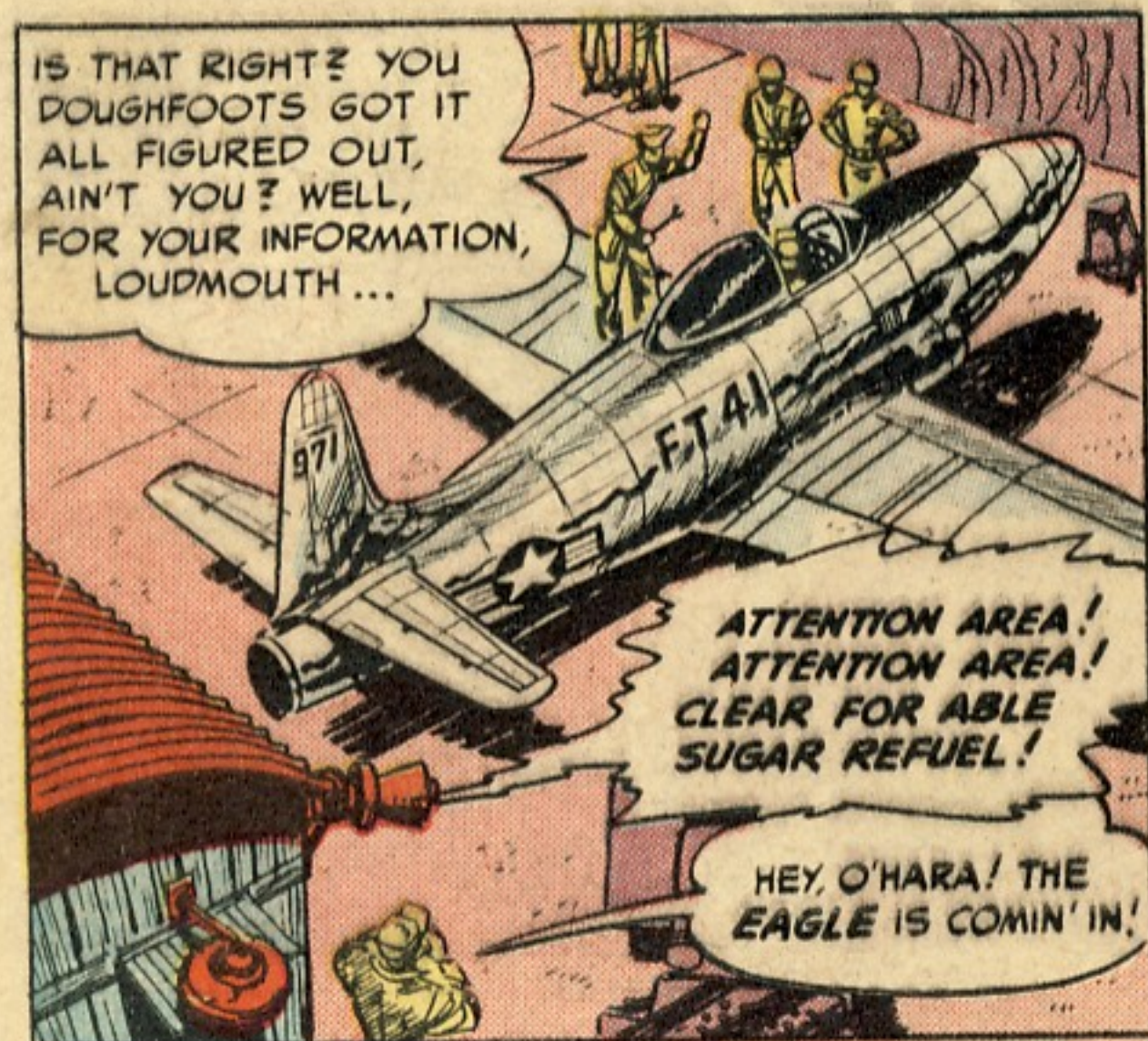
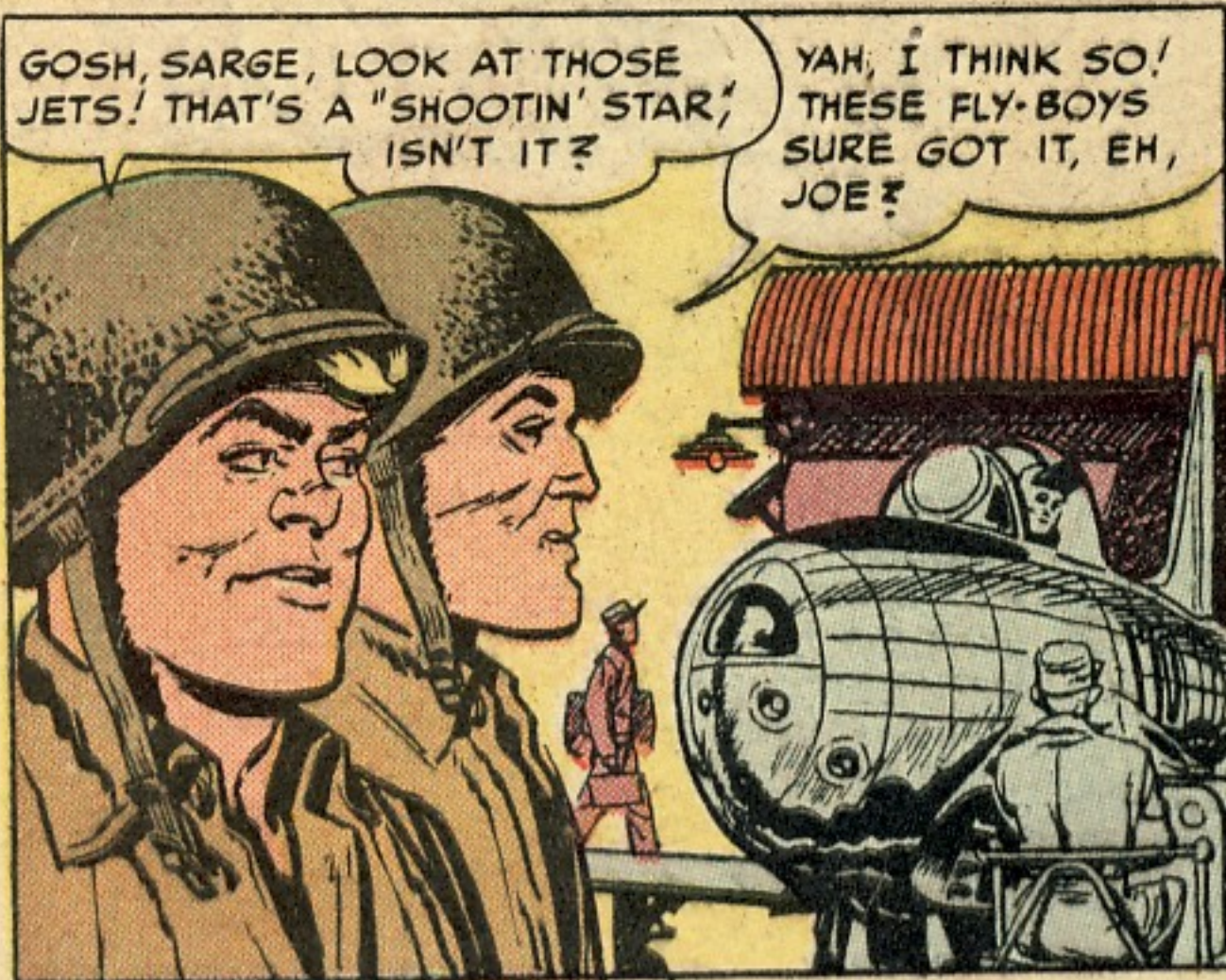
THAT'S IT, SIR! SHE'S READY FOR OPERATION!

FINE! OUR AIRCRAFT ARE ON THEIR WAY UP HERE FROM LI WAH! WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS! CAPTAIN KING, YOU CAN QUARTER YOUR MEN IN THOSE BARRACKS!

THANKS, MAJOR! THEY CAN USE A GOOD REST!



AND AS THE AIRCRAFT ZOOM IN, 'BAKER' COMPANY GETS ITS FIRST CLOSE LOOK AT AIRFIELD OPERATIONS...



CAN YOU IMAGINE
FIGHTIN' A WAR WITH
AN EGGBOX?
HAW! HAW!

LISTEN, MUDHEAD! WE
DON'T LIKE IT WHEN
ANYBODY LAUGHS AT THE
"EAGLE!" SO TAKE A WALK!



WHAT!!
WHY, I'LL
FLATTEN
HIS MUSH...
I'LL...

EASY, SARGE, EASY!
REMEMBER...
WE'RE ONLY
"GUESTS"
HERE!



MASON, CHECK THE MANIFOLD PRESSURE,
WILL YOU? AND MAKE SURE SHE'S GASSED
UP TO THE BRIM!

RIGHT, SIR!



WELL,
BENSINGER,
HOW DOES
IT LOOK?

I SPOTTED A LARGE CONCENTRATION
OF TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT ABOUT
TWENTY MILES WEST, SIR. IT LOOKS
LIKE THE REDS ARE REGROUPING
TO ATTACK THE FIELD!



AS SOON AS THEY GAS UP THE
"EAGLE," HEAD BACK THERE!
MAKE A QUICK CHECK ON
THEIR NUMBERS AND HOW
THEY ARE DEPLOYED! WE'LL
PASS THE INFO ON TO GHQ!



MAJOR, IT WOULD HELP
IF I HAD AN OBSERVER
WHO KNEW THAT
WU CHOW SECTOR!
MAYBE ONE OF
THESE INFANTRYMEN...

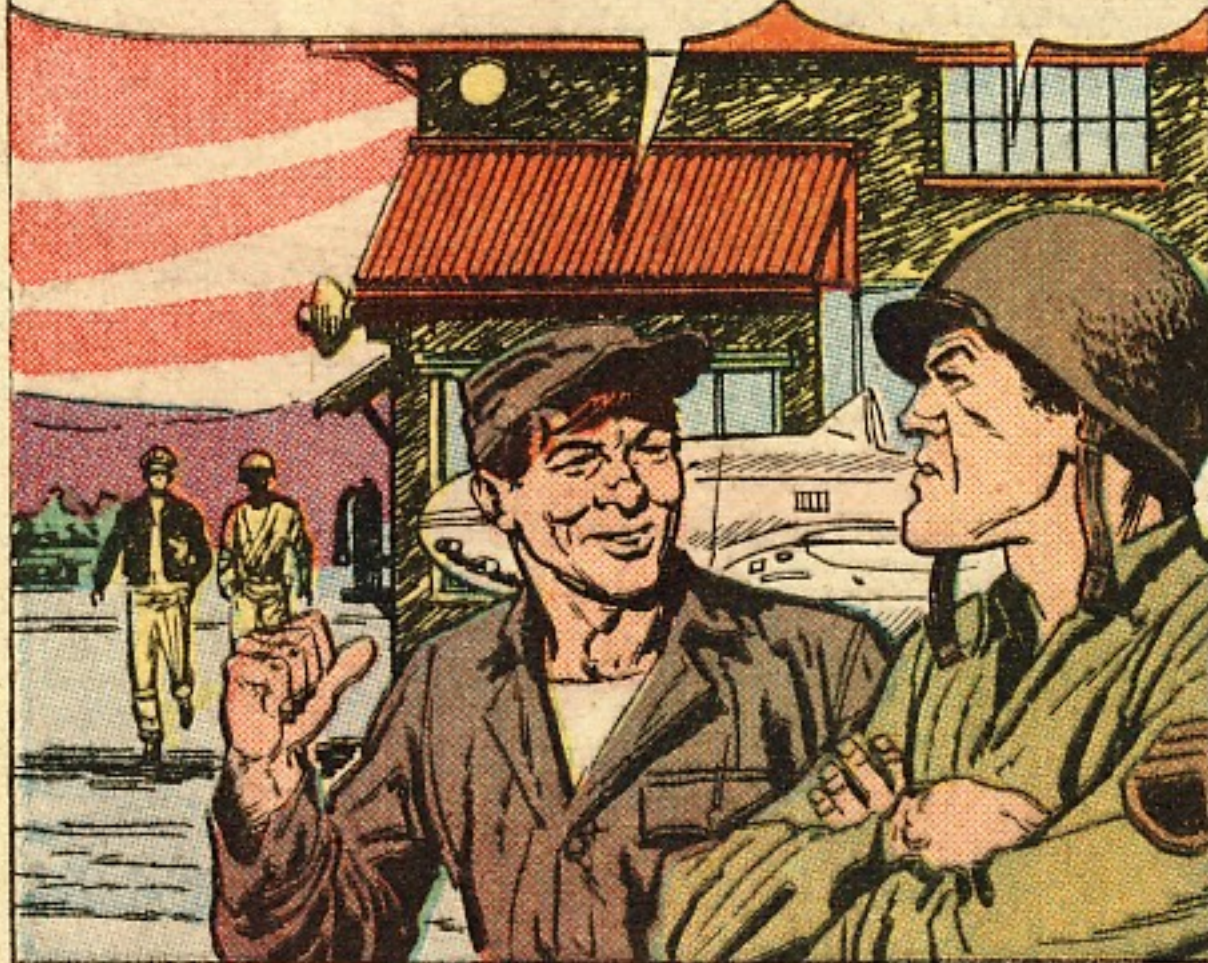
TWO OF MY MEN KNOW EVERY
INCH OF THAT AREA! FOUGHT
ALL THE WAY THROUGH THERE
WITH "B" COMPANY! PRIVATE
BURCH AND
SERGEANT
MULVANEY...

FINE! TAKE 'EM
BOTH ALONG, BOB!
THIS IS IMPORTANT!



HERE COMES BENSINGER...AND HE LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS! I'LL BET THE **EAGLE** SCREAMS TONIGHT!

THE **EAGLE** SCREAMS? WHAT'S THAT?



WHAT DO YOU CARE, SARGE? AFTER ALL, A LITTLE PLANE LIKE THAT WOULDN'T INTEREST A BIG-SHOT LIKE YOU!

MULVANEY! BURCH!



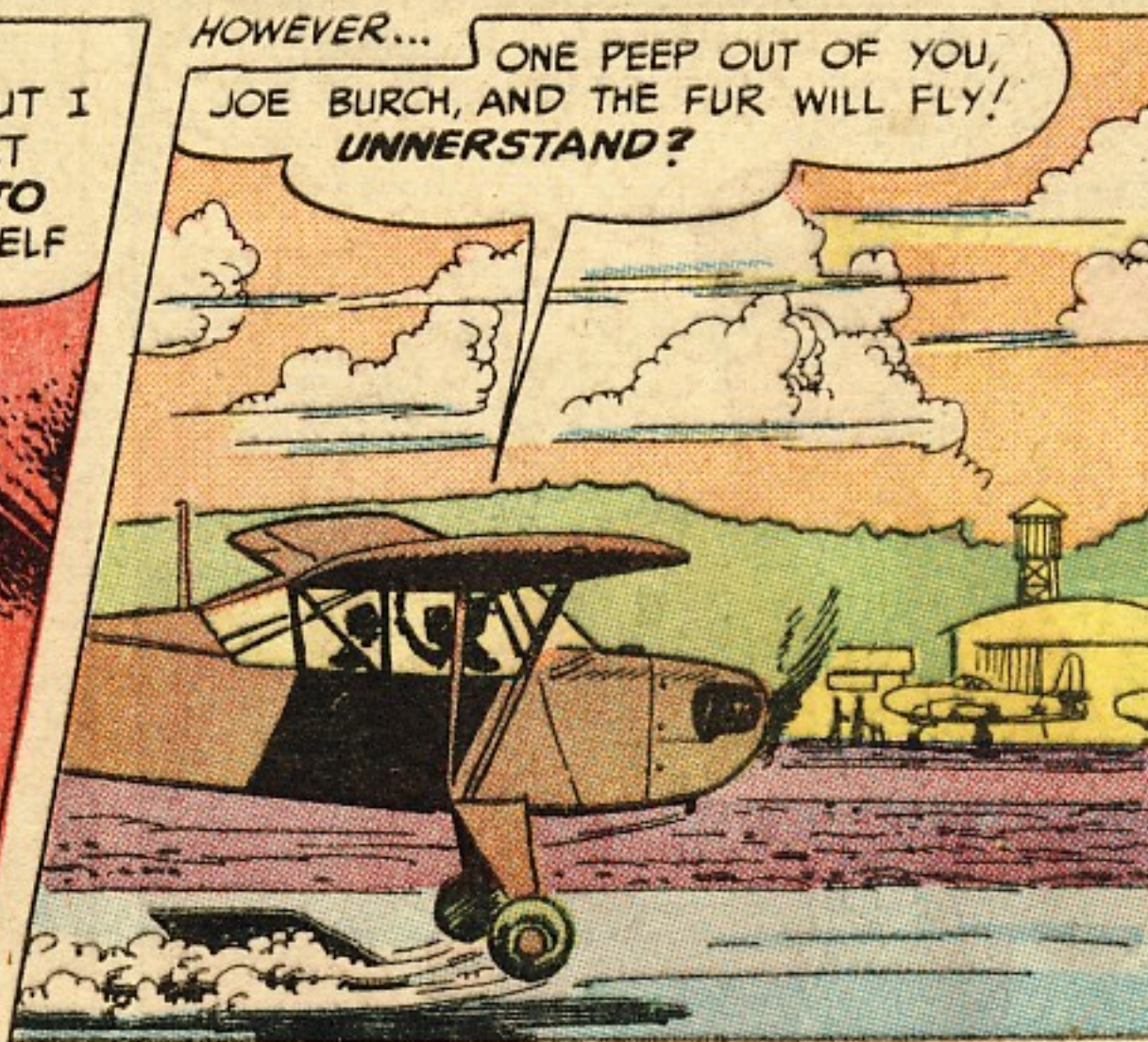
...OF COURSE, THIS IS PURELY VOLUNTARY! BUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THAT SECTOR WILL BE A TREMENDOUS HELP TO LT. BENSINGER!

I DON'T MEAN TO BE DISRESPECTFUL, SIR, BUT I WOULDN'T FLY IN THAT **CARDBOARD MOSQUITO** IF THE GENERAL HIMSELF ASKED...



HOWEVER...

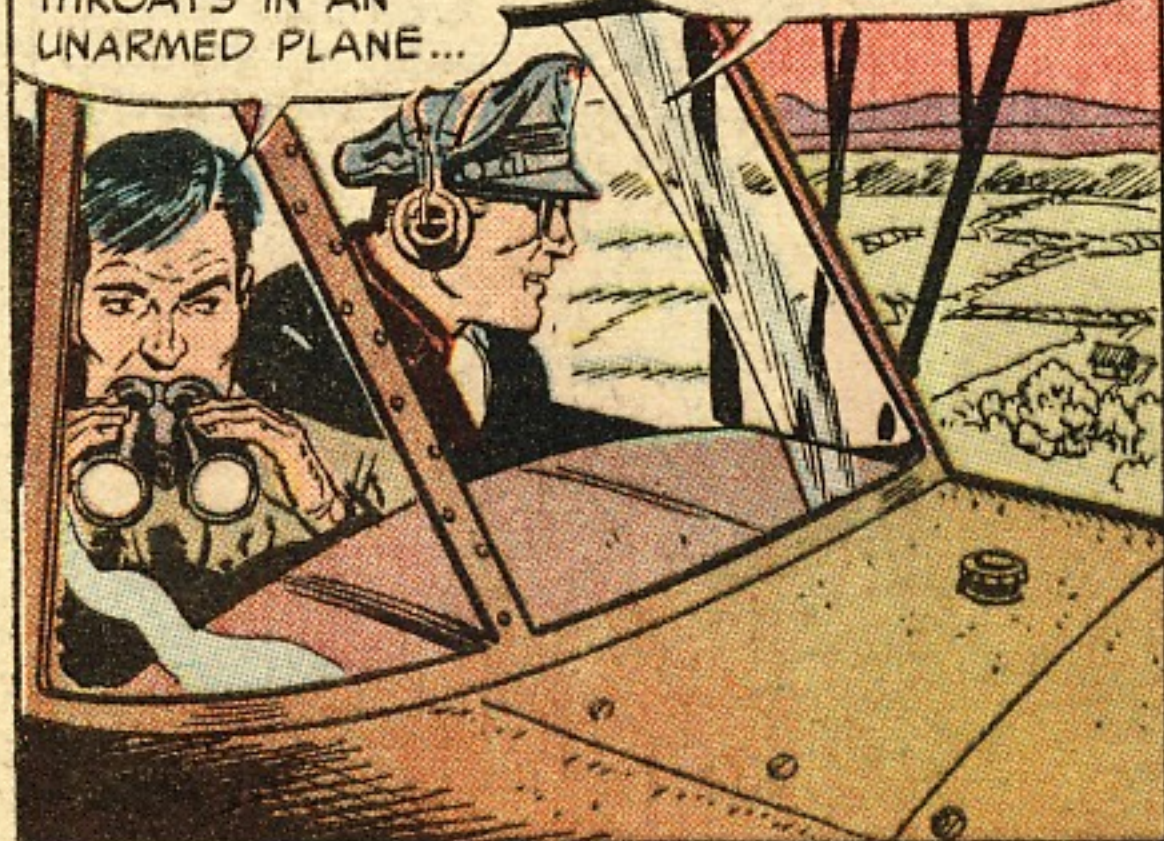
ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU, JOE BURCH, AND THE FUR WILL FLY! **UNNERSTAND?**



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, OVER ENEMY TERRITORY...

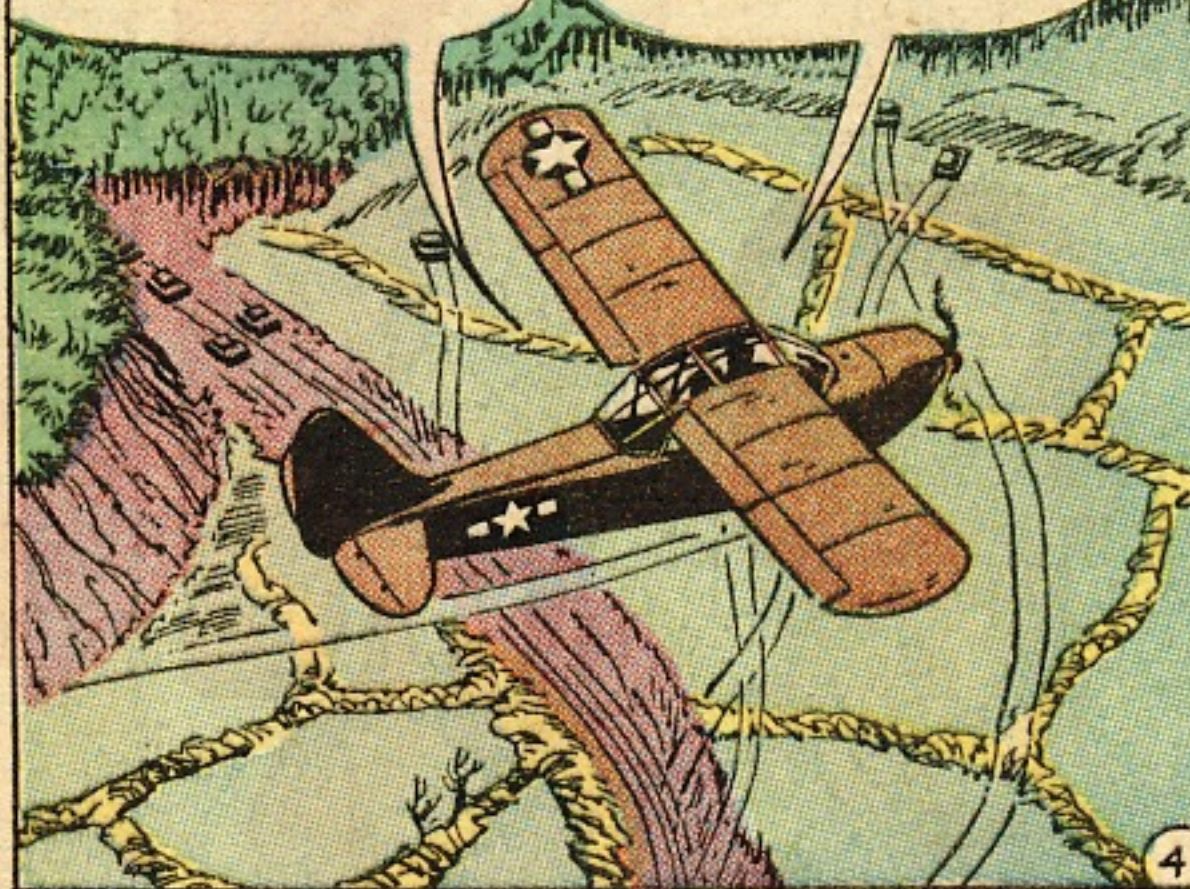
I DON'T KNOW...IT FEELS LIKE SUICIDE TO ME FLYIN' RIGHT DOWN THE REDS' THROATS IN AN UNARMED PLANE...

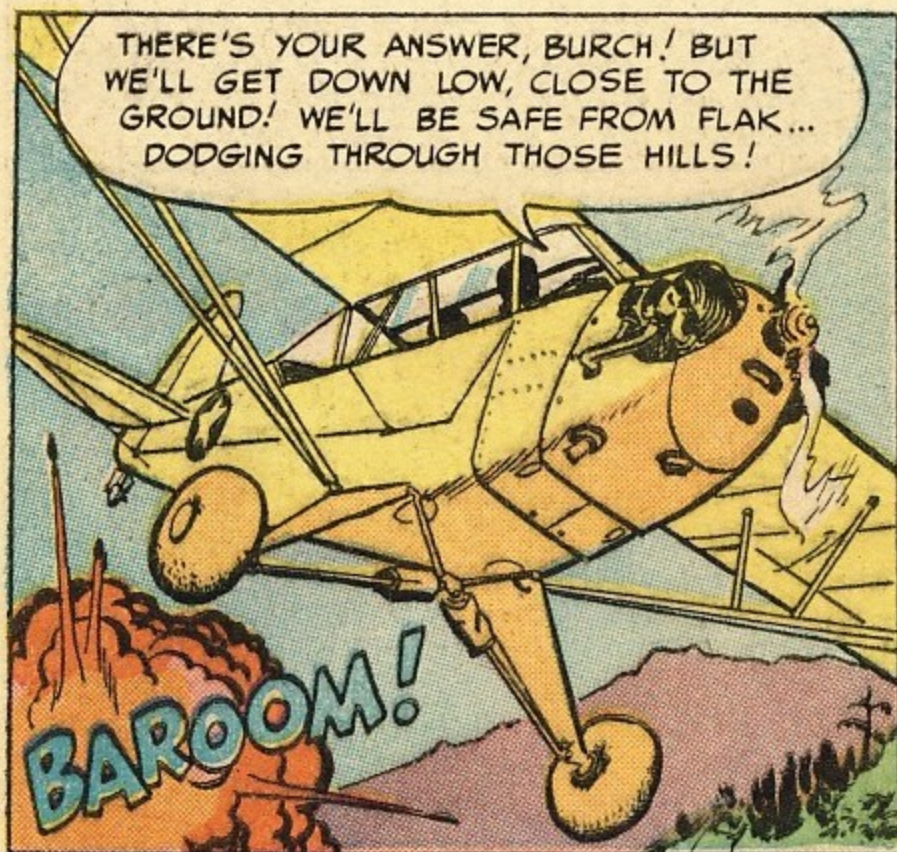
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN... WE'RE APPROACHING THE AREA NOW!



TWO TANK BATTALIONS IN THE SMALL WOOD... THIRTY HALF-TRACKS... TROOP CONVOY ON THE RIVER ROAD...

HEY, LOOTENANT, HOW COME THEY LET US FLY AROUND LIKE THIS WITHOUT SHOOTIN' AT US?





THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, BURCH! BUT WE'LL GET DOWN LOW, CLOSE TO THE GROUND! WE'LL BE SAFE FROM FLAK... DODGING THROUGH THOSE HILLS!

BAROOM!

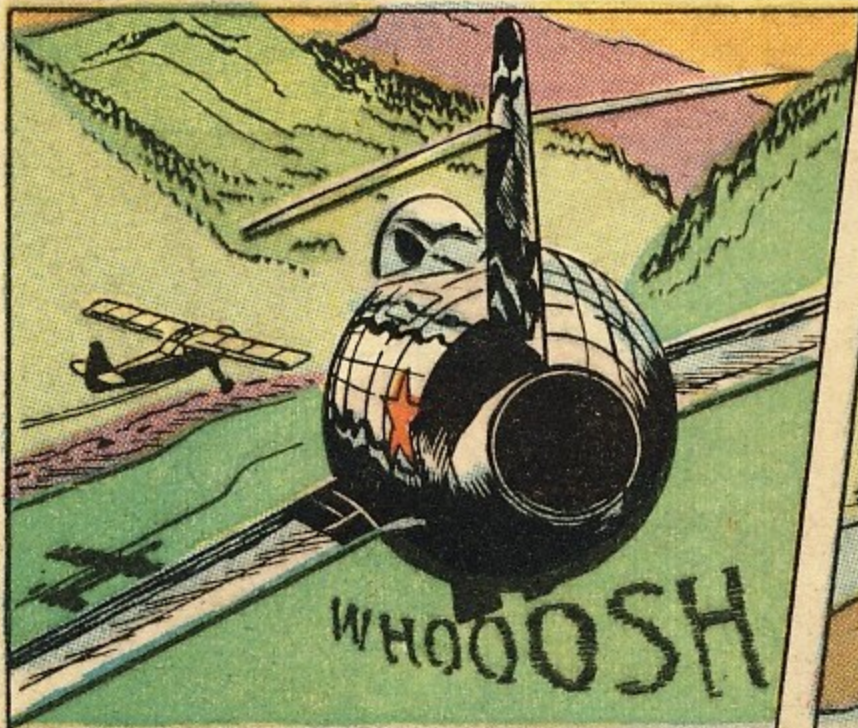


LOOTENANT, LOOK! THERE'S A PLANE COMIN' TOWARD US! THERE, AT ONE O'CLOCK! IT...IT LOOKS LIKE A JET!

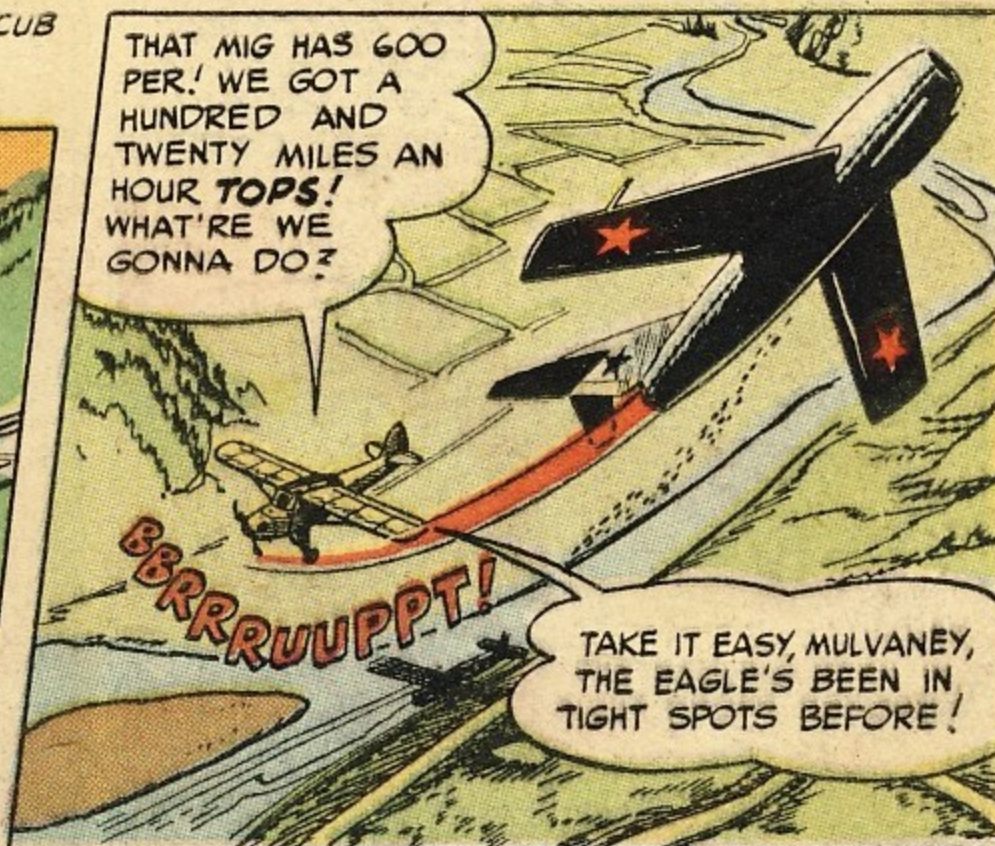
YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT, IT'S A MIG!

YIPE! AN' HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS BUSINESS!

AS BENSINGER SWEATS TO HOLD THE PIPER CUB CLOSE TO THE GROUND, THE RED JET COMES STREAKING IN FOR A PASS...



WHOOOSH



THAT MIG HAS 600 PER! WE GOT A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AN HOUR TOPS! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

BRRRUUPPT!

TAKE IT EASY, MULVANEY, THE EAGLE'S BEEN IN TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE!

BENSINGER TRIES TO OUTWIT THE RED PILOT, BUT HE IS TOO SMART TO BE TRICKED. HE WAITS UNTIL THE PIPER COMES OUT OF THE CANYON, THEN BORES IN AGAIN, HOSING LEAD AT THE FRAGILE LITTLE PLANE...

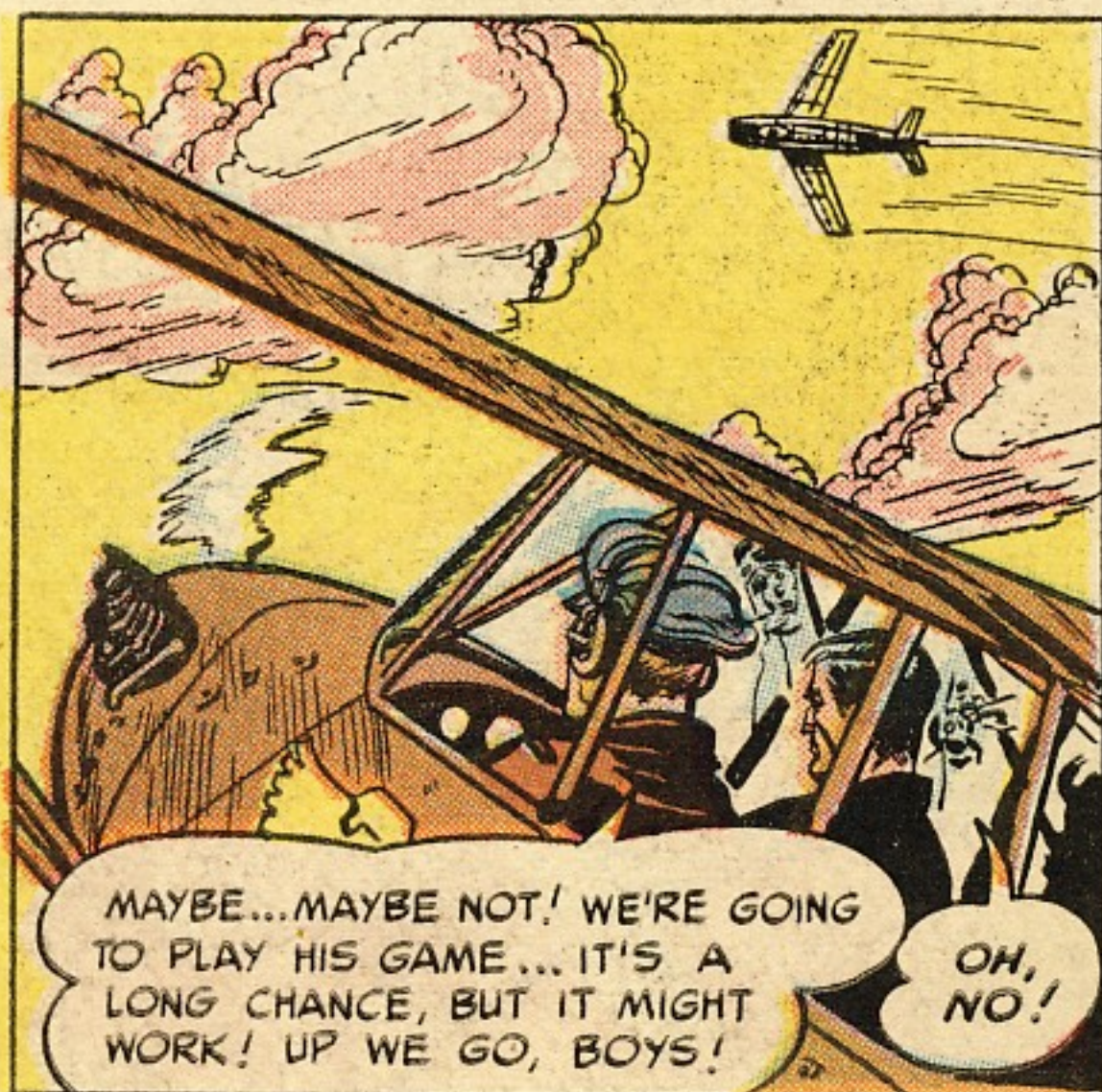


OHMMMM!

BBBRRRÜPPPTT

LOOTENANT! IT-IT'S ALL RIGHT! DID YOU SEE THAT LAST PASS? HE WENT UNDER US... TRYING TO MAKE US GAIN ALTITUDE!

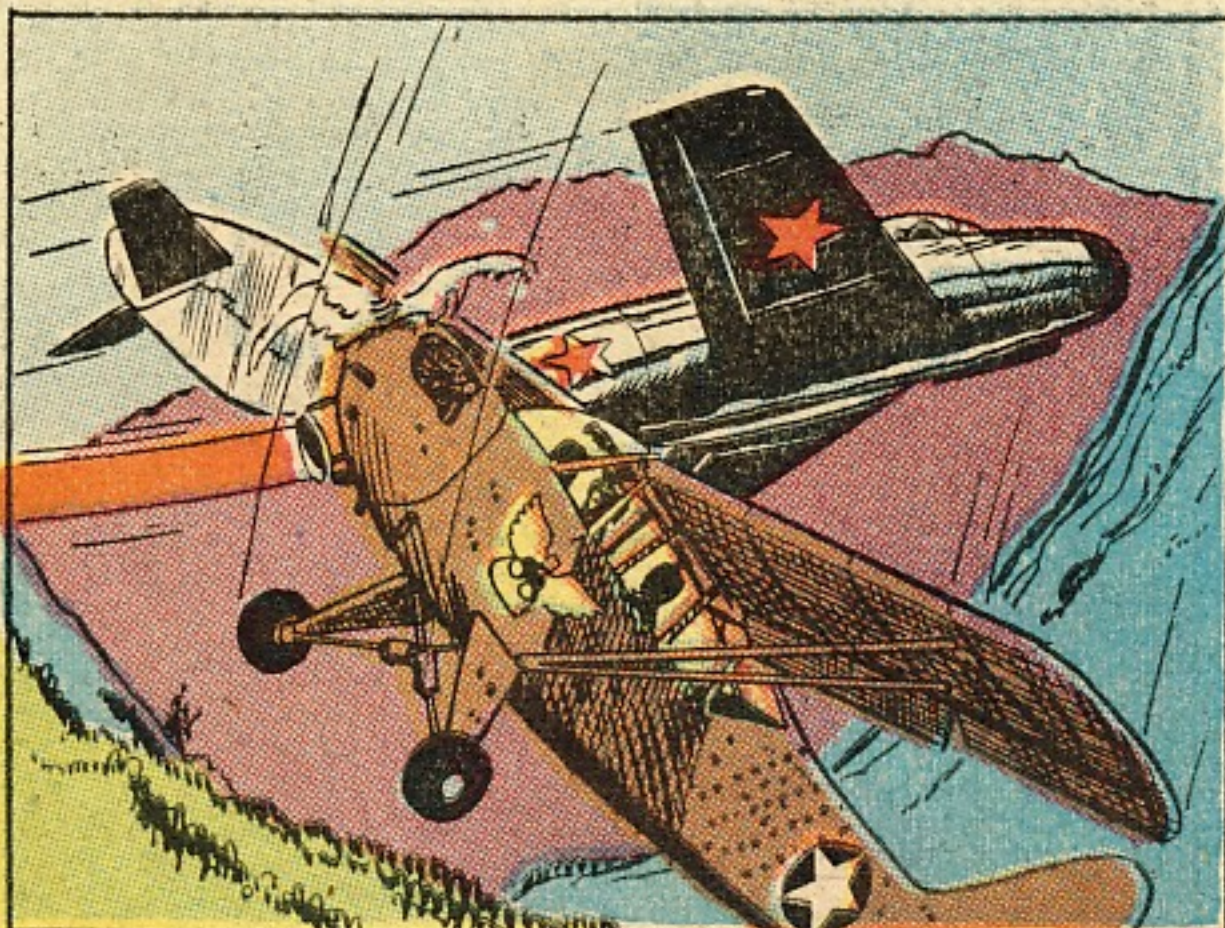
YEAH... THEN WE'LL BE COLD MEAT! HE SURE IS A SMART COOKIE!



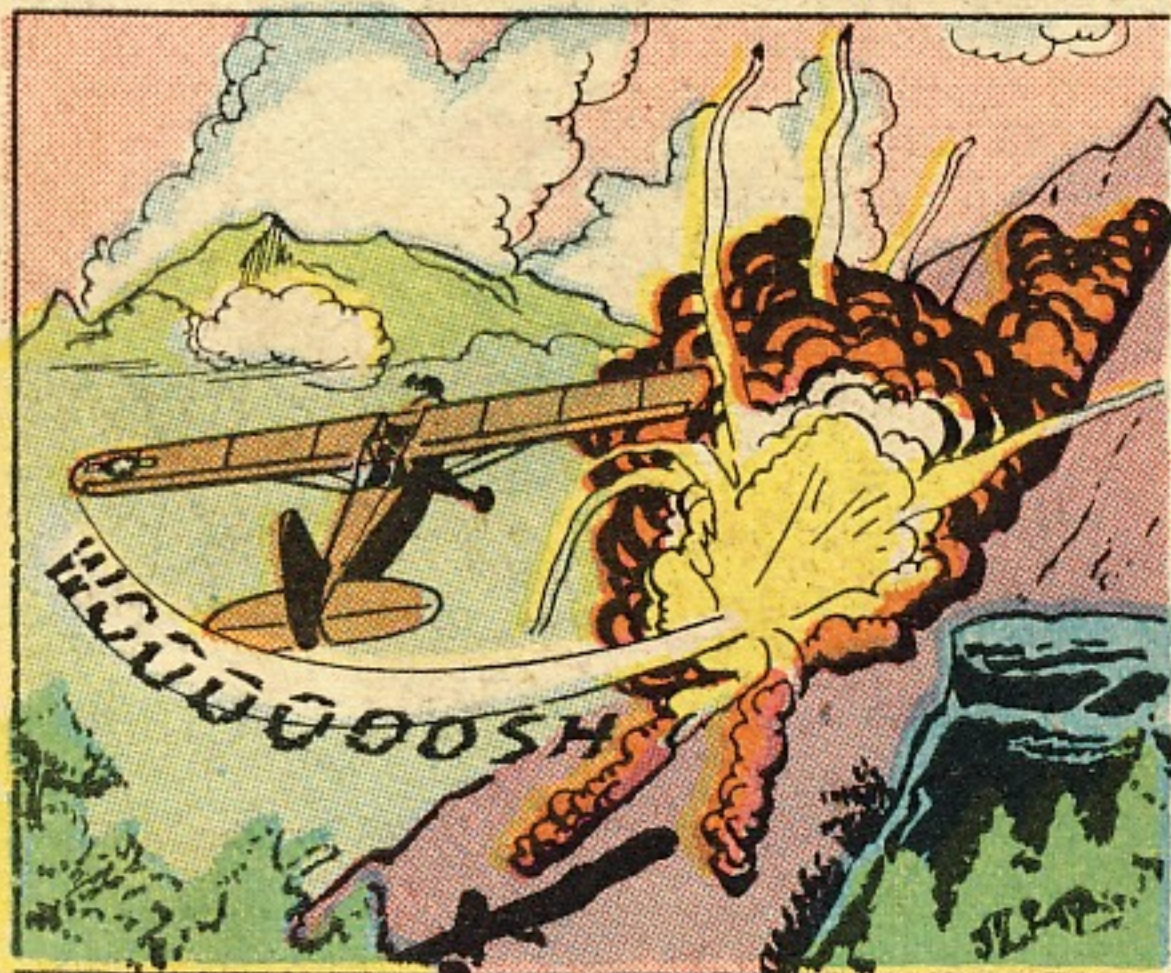
MAYBE...MAYBE NOT! WE'RE GOING TO PLAY HIS GAME...IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT IT MIGHT WORK! UP WE GO, BOYS!

OH, NO!

THE RED JET ROARS IN FOR THE KILL, BUT THE PIPER CUB SUDDENLY THROTTLES DOWN, STALLS, AND STARTS DROPPING LIKE A STONE. UNABLE TO PASS UNDERNEATH, THE RED PILOT PULLS INTO A TIGHT TURN...



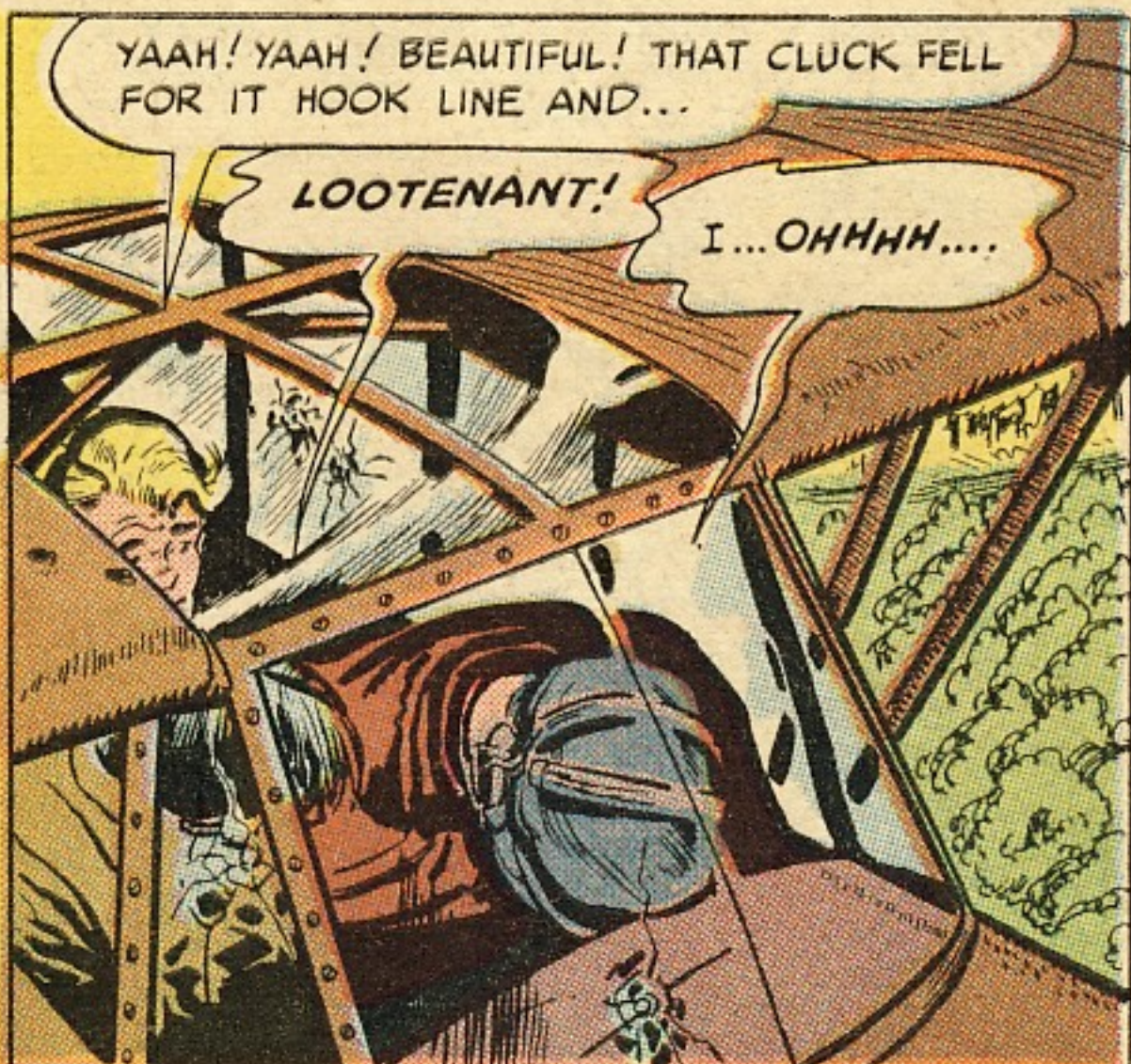
THE UNNERVED JET PILOT THROWS ALL CONTROL SURFACES ON, BUT AT SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED THE MIG CANNOT NEGOTIATE THE TIGHT ARC, AND...



YAAH! YAAH! BEAUTIFUL! THAT CLUCK FELL FOR IT HOOK LINE AND...

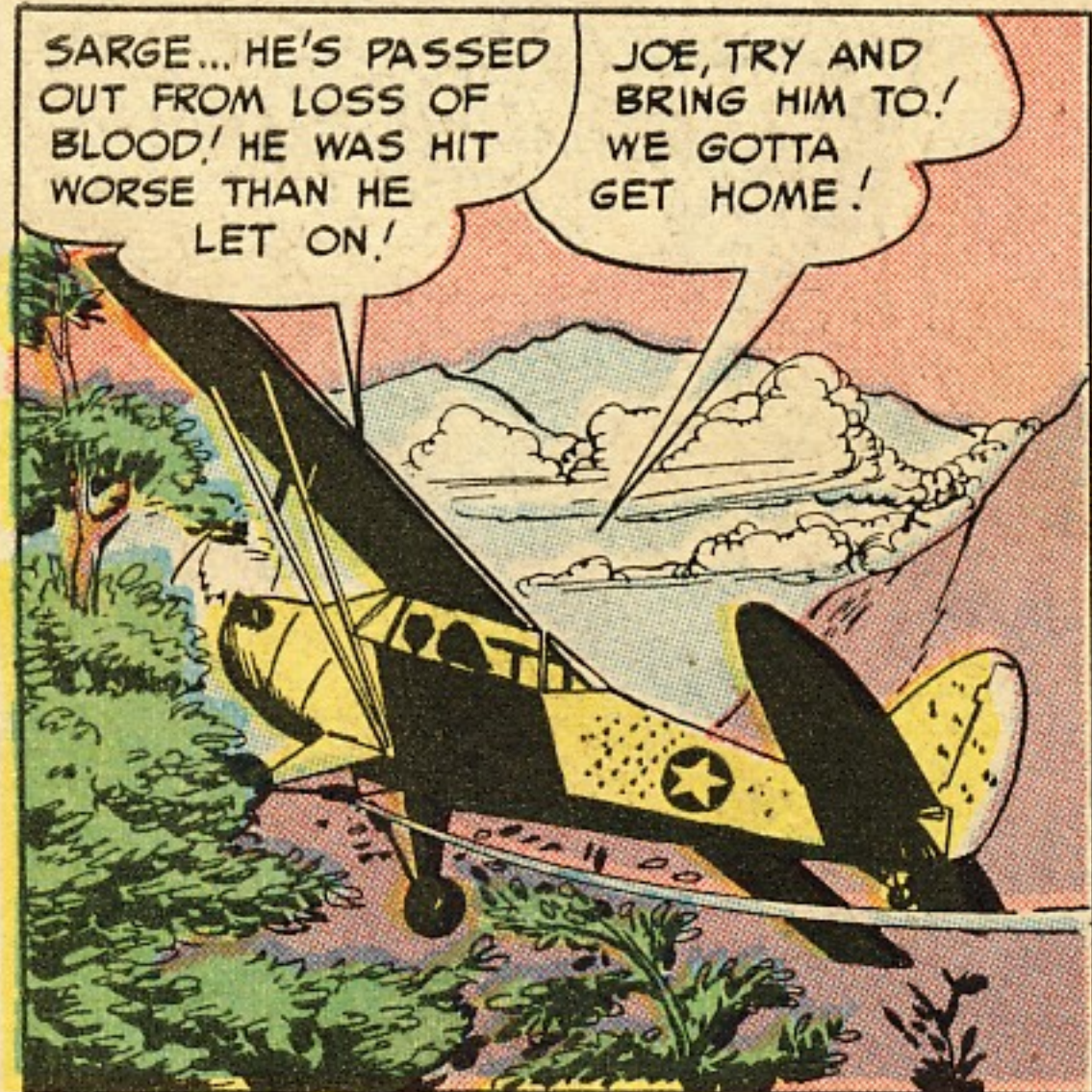
LOOTENANT!

I...OHHHH....



SARGE... HE'S PASSED OUT FROM LOSS OF BLOOD! HE WAS HIT WORSE THAN HE LET ON!

JOE, TRY AND BRING HIM TO! WE GOTTA GET HOME!



IT'S NO USE, SARGE! HE'S OUT COLD!

HALLO! HALLO! AIR FORCE! THIS IS THE EAGLE CALLIN! HALLO!



BENSINGER IS HURT AND NEITHER OF YOUR MEN CAN PILOT THE PLANE! THE RADAR UNIT JUST ARRIVED WITH THE EQUIPMENT! I'M GOING TO TRY AND BRING THEM IN BY "GROUND CONTROLLED APPROACH."

GCA READY, SIR! WE'RE TRYING TO PICK THEM UP ON THE SCOPES!

HELLO, THIS IS EAGLE. WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE... COMIN' IN LOUD AND CLEAR! STANDIN' BY! OVER! ROGER! WILCO, OR WHATEVER YA SAY!



THIS DOT IS THE PLANE... ABOUT NINE MILES OUT! IF THEY KEEP COOL WE'LL GET THEM DOWN ALL RIGHT!

PRESS THE LEFT RUDDER PEDAL SLIGHTLY, SERGEANT... THAT'S IT. LITTLE MORE... ENOUGH. YOU'RE DOING FINE. NOW, EASE FORWARD ON THE STICK... JUST A LITTLE...

AND SO, BY FOLLOWING THE TINY PLANE ON THE RADAR SCOPES, THE GCA OPERATORS MANAGE TO "TALK" THE EAGLE DOWN TO A SAFE-IF BUMPY-LANDING...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE VITAL INFORMATION ON THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS ARE IN PROPER HANDS. LT. BENSINGER HAS BEEN RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL FOR LIFE- SAVING TRANSFUSIONS. AND "PILOT" MULVANEY MEETS HIS PUBLIC...

YES, SIR, BOYS, I TAKE EVERYTHING BACK! SHE'S THE SWEETEST LITTLE SHIP IN THE SKY! PRACTICALLY FLIES BY HERSELF!

HEY, ONE THING I DON'T GET! WHAT DID YOU GUYS MEAN WHEN YOU SAID, "I BET THE EAGLE SCREAMS TONIGHT?"

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY, "THE EAGLE SCREAMS," DON'T YOU?

SURE, IT MEANS "PAYDAY!" BUT WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH... ?

WHEN OUR LITTLE EAGLE SCREAMS, IT MEANS PAYDAY, TOO! FOR THE REDS! AND THERE GOES THE PAYROLL RIGHT NOW!



G.I. Joe in **The TIGRESS RETURNS**

AS "BAKER" COMPANY PULLS INTO AN ANCHOR POSITION NEXT TO A SOUTH KOREAN OUTFIT, A SNEAK ENEMY NIGHT ATTACK CATCHES THEM BY SURPRISE. IN THE CONFUSION, MULVANEY AND HIS SQUAD FIND THEMSELVES SEPARATED FROM THEIR OUTFIT...

WOW! WHAT A NIGHT! I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SET THE PLATOON UP BEFORE THEM HOWLING COMMIES TORE INTO US! SAY, WHERE ARE WE?

THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN BELOW THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG OUTPOST, SARGE! I CAN'T TELL WHETHER THEY'RE OUR BOYS OR THE REDS! COVER ME - I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



LILITH

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FELLERS! THEY'RE SOUTH KOREANS! C'MON!



AFTER A CONFERENCE WITH CAPTAIN KWUNG, A R.O.K. OFFICER...

YES, WE HEAR MUCH NOISE A WHILE AGO! BIG FIGHT IN HILLS! YOU AMERICANS, GO CATCH SLEEP TILL MORNING!

THANKS, CAPTAIN KWUNG, WE CAN SURE USE IT!



THE NEXT MORNING...

YAAAWN! GEE, I
HAVEN'T SLEPT SO
WELL IN A MONTH!

I'M STARVED! LET'S GO
SEE WHAT THE R.O.K.'S
HAVE FOR BREAKFAST!
THEY SEEM TO BE LINING
UP FOR SOME KIND OF
FORMATION!



WOW! I'D RATHER LOOK
AT THEM THAN EAT!

LET'S SEE WHAT
THE REST OF HER
LOOKS LIKE!



IT CAN'T BE!
BUT I'M
SURE!

LILITH!
YEOW!



LILITH, BABY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

HOW DARE
YOU?



YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY
TO DISTURB MY WIFE?

YOUR WIFE!? OH,
NO! THIS IS!..



LISTEN TO ME, GENERAL!
THAT DAME'S POISON!
SHE'S AS DANGEROUS
AS AN ATOM BOMB!
I KNOW SHE'S A...

GET YOUR HANDS OFF
ME BEFORE I REPORT
YOU TO YOUR COMMAND-
ING OFFICER!





THAT TAKES THE WIND OUTA **YOUR** SAILS, LOVERBOY!

IT STILL LOOKS FISHY TO ME! LILITH CARES ONLY FOR LILITH! I BET SHE MARRIED HIM TO WORM SOME INFO OUT OF HIM!



DID YOU LOCATE OUR OUTFIT, CAPTAIN?

NO, WE HAD NO TIME! BIG INSPECTION VISIT FROM GENERAL KOO INTERRUPT DUTIES! MAYBE TOMORROW, YES?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, SARGE? WE GONNA STAY HERE TILL THE END OF THE WAR?

FAT CHANCE **YOU** GOT, CARPUCCIO! AS SOON AS THE BIG BRASS LEAVES, THEY'LL HUNT UP OUR OUTFIT!... OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE LEAVING!



LET US WAIT UNTIL THE RAIN STOPS, GENERAL!

I GUESS THEY'VE CHANGED THEIR MINDS! BOY, I COULD GO FOR THAT DAME, BUT I KNOW SHE CAN'T BE TRUSTED AS FAR AS SHE CAN THROW A CURVE!



THAT NIGHT...

PSST! JOE! THIS WAY!

HUH? SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET ME OUT THERE AND PUT A KNIFE IN MY RIBS! BUT NOT IF I SEE HIM FIRST!



LILITH! WHAT?

SHHH, DO NOT WAKE UP THE CAMP! LISTEN, JOE, I AM IN TROUBLE, SERIOUS TROUBLE! I NEED YOUR HELP!



NO, BABY, NOT THIS TIME!
YOU'RE A SPY, AND YOU'VE
GOT THIS GENERAL EATING
OUTA THE PALM OF YOUR
PRETTY HAND! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER,
BUT IT AIN'T LEGIT!



JOE, PLEASE,
IT IS NOT
TRUE! PLEASE
TRUST ME!



I WOULDN'T
TRUST YOU WITH
A BAR OF
CHOCOLATE! DO
YOUR OWN DIRTY
WORK! G'NIGHT, BABY!
I GOT SOME SLEEP TO
CATCH UP WITH!



THE NEXT MORNING...

YOUR COMPANY IS
LOCATED AT HILL
119, SERGEANT!
YOU MAY — WAIT!
SOMETHING IS WRONG!
THAT IS THE COLONEL!



THE SECRET BATTLE
PLANS HAVE
BEEN STOLEN
FROM MY TENT!

YOU IMBECILE!
HOW COULD YOU
LEAVE THOSE PLANS
UNGUARDED? I'LL HAVE
YOU COURT-MARTIALED
FOR THIS!

I GOT A HUNCH LILITH'S SLINKY
FINGERS HAVE BEEN PLAYING
TRICKS AGAIN! I'M GONNA HAVE
A TALK WITH HER!



BUT I DIDN'T TAKE
THOSE PLANS,
JOE! I SWEAR
I AM INNOCENT!

YEAH? WELL, I'M
GONNA TELL THE
GENERAL WHAT KIND OF
A GAL HE MARRIED!



SUDDENLY, FIFTY CALIBER SLUGS LACE THE GROUND, AS
ENEMY PLANES ZOOM OUT OF THE SKY...

RED PLANES! HIT THE
GROUND!

BATTLE STATIONS! ENEMY
TANKS AND INFANTRY ARE
ATTACKING!



WEEPY, WE NEED "BAKER"
COMPANY HERE FAST! IF THEY
COME DOWN FROM HILL 119,
THEY'LL HIT THESE COMMIES
FROM BEHIND!

AWRIGHT,
SARGE, I'LL
BRING OUR
OUTFIT BACK!
BUT LEAVE
SOMETHING FOR
THEM TO DO!



LILITH'S SNEAKING OFF!
MAYBE SHE'S MAKING
CONTACT WITH THOSE
REDS...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OH! JOE!
I THOUGHT!

YOU HAD
THE PLANS ALL THE TIME,
EH? C'MON, HAND THEM
OVER, BABY!

JOE, I CAN EXPLAIN...
I DID NOT STEAL
THESE! I WAS
ONLY TRYING
TO HELP!

TELL IT TO THE
MARINES, SWEET-
HEART! NOW
GIVE, OR I'LL HAVE
TO PUT A SLUG
THROUGH THAT PRETTY
HEAD OF YOURS!



HOW PERFECT! NOW I CAN TELL
THE SOUTH KOREANS THAT AN
AMERICAN STOLE THE PLANS!
AND AS FOR YOU, LILITH, THERE
IS ONLY ONE PENALTY FOR
TREACHERY TO THE
CAUSE!

THE CAUSE? SO
THAT'S IT? LILITH
WAS TRYIN' TO
HELP ME! BUT
NOW THIS RED'S
GOT THE DROP ON
US... IT'S TOO LATE!



AAH! I WILL ENJOY THE SCENE WHEN THAT FOOL
COLONEL GETS BACK THE EMPTY BRIEF CASE! IT
WILL BE EASY TO CONVINCE HIM THAT YOU BURNED
THE PLANS!



SUDDENLY JOE WHIRLS, AND...

RUN FOR IT,
LILITH! RUN!



WE CAN'T GO BACK TO R.O.K. HEADQUARTERS
UNTIL WE GET THAT BRIEFCASE
BACK!





WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW? I'M FRIGHTENED, JOE!

STAY PUT! WE'VE LOST THE GENERAL, BUT I WANNA KNOW WHERE HE IS SO I CAN JUMP HIM BEFORE HE PUTS SOME SLUGS IN US!



REDS... AND GENERAL KOO! THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM UNLESS... I'VE GOT IT! IF THIS MESS KIT SAILS RIGHT...



東の野の!!

KLANGG!



AHH, HOW HAPPY I AM TO BE AMONG FRIENDS! I AM ONE OF YOU! LOOK, I HAVE STOLEN THE SECRET BATTLE PLANS FOR OUR HEADQUARTERS!

SHUT UP, YOU SOUTH KOREAN DOG! NOW TURN AROUND! THERE IS A BIG REWARD FOR CAPTURING A GENERAL!

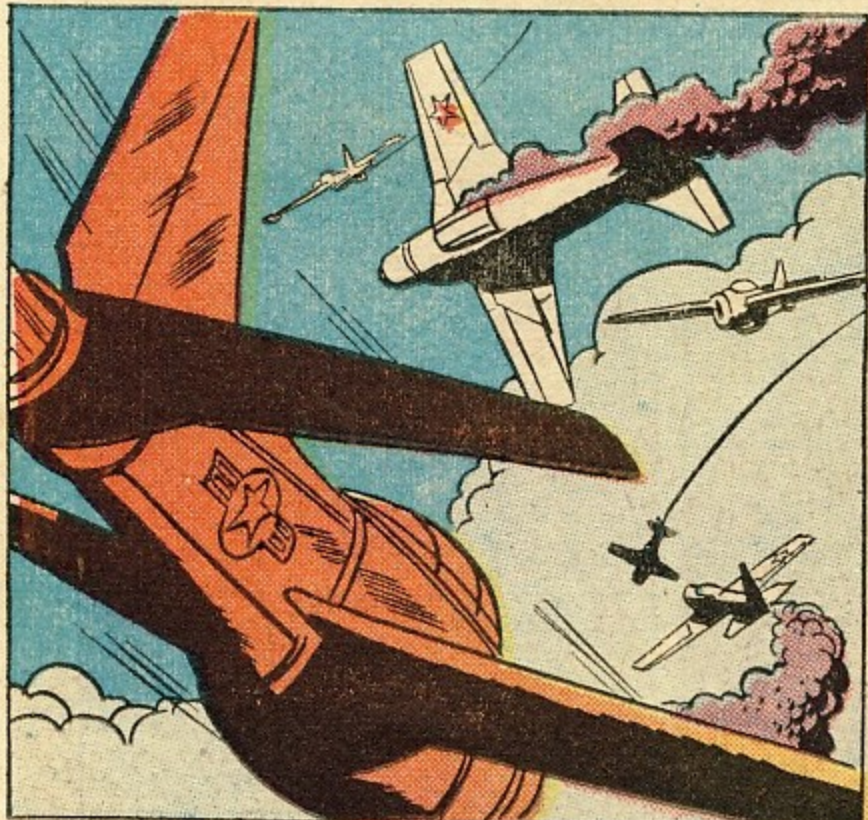
MEANWHILE, "BAKER" COMPANY MOVES TOWARD THE WOODS...



THIS IS IT, CAPTAIN! THE OUTPOST IS THROUGH THEM WOODS!

FORM A SKIRMISH LINE AND MOVE FORWARD! KEEP SPREAD OUT!

IN THE AIR, THE U.N. JETS ENJOY A FIELD DAY...



AND IN THE WOODS, "BAKER" COMPANY SPOTS THE REDS...



DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

WE GOT TWO OF THEM! KEEP FIRING, BUT DON'T HIT THE BIG BRASS!

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...



A THOUSAND THANKS!
YOU HAVE JUST SAVED
MY LIFE! THEY WERE
ABOUT TO EXECUTE ME!

AS GENERAL KOO SILENTLY GLOATS OVER HIS TRIUMPH...



THERE'S OUR FAT SPY! LEMME
GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

HAVE YOU
GONE MAD,
BURCH?



YOU WILL DIE, YOU
STUPID MEDDLER!

YOU TRIED IT BEFORE,
FATSO, AND IT AIN'T
GONNA WORK THIS
TIME EITHER!



CRACK!



WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT, YOU APE
HEAD?

IT WAS EITHER
HIM OR ME, SIR!
AND HE WAS A
BIG RED SPY!

HE HAD LILITH POSE AS HIS WIFE,
SO IT WOULD BE EASIER TO
SWIPE THE BATTLE PLANS! HE
WAS NO MORE A GENERAL THAN
I AM! BUT LILITH IS
INNOCENT, CAPTAIN!
SHE WAS FORCED
INTO IT!

SEARCH
THE BODY,
MEN!



ACCORDING TO THESE
PAPERS, HE WAS A
HIGH-RANKING
CHINESE RED AND
TRAINED FOR ESPIONAGE
WORK IN MOSCOW! YOU
DID A FINE JOB, JOE!

THANKS,
CAPTAIN!
HEY! HAS
ANYONE
SEEN
LILITH?
SHE WAS
JUST HERE A
SECOND AGO!



I LOOKED
ALL OVER, JOE!
SHE JUST
VANISHED!

AAAW! I GOT
ALL THE LUCK!
JUST WHEN LILITH
TURNS OUT TO BE
ON OUR SIDE, I LOSE
HER! BUT SHE WON'T
SLIP AWAY SO EASY
NEXT TIME!



THE END

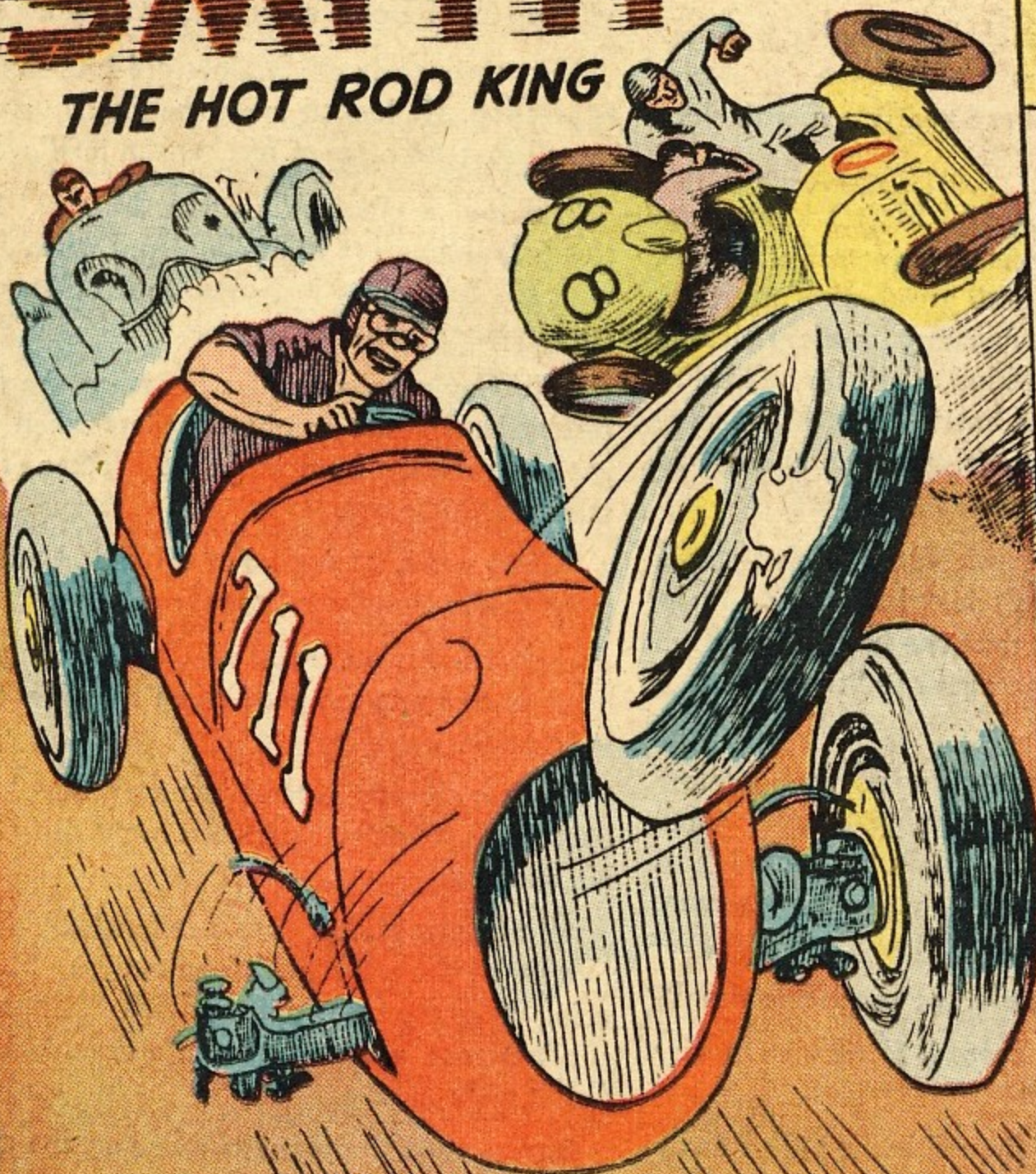
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ON
SALE!**

SPEED SMITH

ISSUE
No. 1
(SPRING)

THE HOT ROD KING



**THRILLS!
DANGER!**

How
Do
Hot Rod
Drivers
Cheat Death?

Are Races
"Fixed"?

Are Crackups
Always
Accidental?

**SUSPENSE!
ACTION!**

Read! See!

**SPEED
SMITH**

in

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ORDEAL BY AUTO
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KOREAN CLIPPER

CORP. JAKE MALOTT, fresh from ten straight days and nights of combat on the front line, eyed the small package tossed his way by Olson, the "Able" Company mail man.

The rest of the boys in Able Company were too busy with their letters from home to notice Malott's parcel. It had been nearly a month since they'd had mail.

Only too well did Corporal Malott know from where the package had come. Only Sally Perkins, his girl back in Illinois, used green ink. And Sally, sweet as she was, had an uncanny knack of picking out the most impractical kind of gift for a G.I. For instance, there was that bottle of sweet-smelling shaving lotion she had sent. Able Company had got a real charge out of that one.

And then there was that fancy nickel-plated flashlight—so he wouldn't lose his way on night patrol! The word about that one had passed from Pusan to Seoul, and back again as "the prize G.I. gift" in Korea.

So it was with reluctant fingers that he tore away the heavy brown wrapping on this small package. He stared at the plain cardboard box. Then the voice of Wizbicki, the bazooka man, startled him:

"C'mon, Malott! What'd she send this time?"

The corporal realized that all of Able Company was waiting.

Muttering something inaudible, he pulled away the top. Wizbicki sucked in his breath. Malott blinked in disbelief. There was a moment of stunned silence.

Inside the box was an *electric razor*!

Somebody started to snicker. It was like setting off a string of land mines. All at once the battered schoolhouse, Able Company's billet, was quaking with the laughter of roaring G.I.'s. An *electric razor*! Days of pentup emotions were suddenly finding an outlet. They laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks and their ribs were sore.

"What a practical gift!" roared Wizbicki. "Just the thing to use when we take Pyongyang!"

"Except for one thing," cut in Pfc. Dolberg, "there won't be any electricity in *any* town we take for a week or so afterwards. But maybe the Signal Corps will do you a favor, Malott! They'll wire up all of Korea so you can take your shave!"

But, through it all, Malott did not change his expression. He looked upon the implement as the most beautiful piece of mechanism he'd ever seen.

"I'll find a place to use this buzzer!" he said slowly, rubbing his whiskers. "And when I do I'll have the best shave in Korea. And I'll send a picture home to Sally to prove it."

Able Company was just jamming the freshly-received mail into combat pockets when Malott got the message from Sergeant Walker of Headquarters Company.

"Good news, Malott! For all that time at the front you're transferred to rear echelon."

Corporal Malott eyed him suspiciously. Such news as this was too good to be true. There must be a catch.

"A new division general just moved in," Walker continued. "You're assigned sentry duty around his quarters."

All at once Malott found it hard saying goodbye to all the guys he'd fought with. They'd be going up to the front to face death again, while he got the gravy around some high brass hideout. It didn't seem fair.

And as Able Company climbed on the truck he found it hard to wave back.

"Be sure to write us when you get that shave!" hollered Wizbicki. And then Able Company was gone.

His thoughts drifted from the boys to Sally as he trudged his sentry post along the muddy strip that bordered the trailer where the two-star flag waved in the breeze.

What a lousy way to fight a war, he told himself. Either he ought to be on a Tokyo furlough testing out that new electric razor, or back at the front. He'd been around too long to expect to see the States for a long stretch.

His post was a good quarter-of-a-mile from the two-star trailer. It seemed like a long distance away from somebody he was supposed to be guarding. At least he should get a peek at the high brass. And an inner view of the plush cart the general slept in.

He quickened his pace along the road toward the trailer. Nothing was going to happen to the general as long as he, Malott, was covering the trailer with that tommygun.

A hundred yards away he encountered the trailer sentry, a sour-looking staff sergeant who looked as though he had been raised on vinegar.

"You're off post!" snarled the sergeant. "Get back to the outer perimeter before I have you reported."

"Keep your shirt on, buck!" grunted Malott, who immediately could tell by the sergeant's bearing that he'd never been within enemy gunshot. And with that he advanced toward the trailer. The door was open . . . A half-dozen luxuries caught his eye, but only one of them rang a bell.

There, lying on a stool near the front steps, was an electric razor!

Corporal Malott's alert eyes saw something else. An electric cable was running from the trailer off into the woods, obviously hooking up to some portable power plant. Big ideas began to cook in his combat-quickened brain.

"Are you going to get back on post, or do I put you up for court-martial?" snarled the sergeant.

But Malott was smiling happily now as he strode back to his patrol sector.

By sundown there was just one burning desire in his brain. He was going to get himself an electric razor shave and send a picture to Sally. And that power line of the general's would do the trick.

He'd had just enough experience with the Signal Corps a few years back to believe he could find an extension socket where he could plug in somewhere along the line.

At sundown, as soon as he was relieved, he began to track down the cable. On the deserted road he picked it up—and then, suddenly, stopped short in his tracks. There was not one cable, but two cables! One belonged to the general. The other connected somewhere else. But where? And with *what*? And *which one* belonged to the general? He knew he didn't have much time to make a decision.

He'd heard about infiltrating enemy patrols, even in this rear area. There were plenty of command posts that would be good targets for a raid.

His sharp eyes suddenly caught an extension relay plug. There was an extra socket which would serve as a perfect hookup for his razor. He held his breath in final momentary debate. Then he pulled the razor out of his pocket and plugged it in. For a moment nothing happened. But as he switched it on, the world suddenly seemed to come to an end. A flame leaped from the razor. And even as Malott dropped it, the entire plastic coating melted off.

There was a sharp explosion, and then a series of blue flashes all along the road and across a bomb-cratered field.

All at once the sound of enemy burp guns spun him around. What could an enemy patrol be doing here? He knew only too well the deadly music of the foe.

Instinctively diving for shelter in a ditch, he brought his automatic weapon into position. He saw the enemy, with burp guns and grenades, charging across a section of road.

Malott's gun roared into action. The enemy began to drop. Others kept on running. Malott was out of the ditch now, speeding after them. He pulled a grenade from his pocket, jerked the pin and let fly.

At the same instant, he saw an enemy gunner pitch an egg-shaped object in his direction.

An explosion lifted him off his feet. For a moment he saw a million lights . . . and then there was darkness.

When he opened his eyes, a corpsman was wrapping a huge bandage around his chest. His ribs felt as though a ten-ton truck had just passed over him.

And then Malott blinked. For next to the corpsman was a two-star general. And next to the general stood an aide.

"This is the man, general!" the aide was saying to the high brass. "This is the man who wiped out the raiding party that tried to surprise your command post."

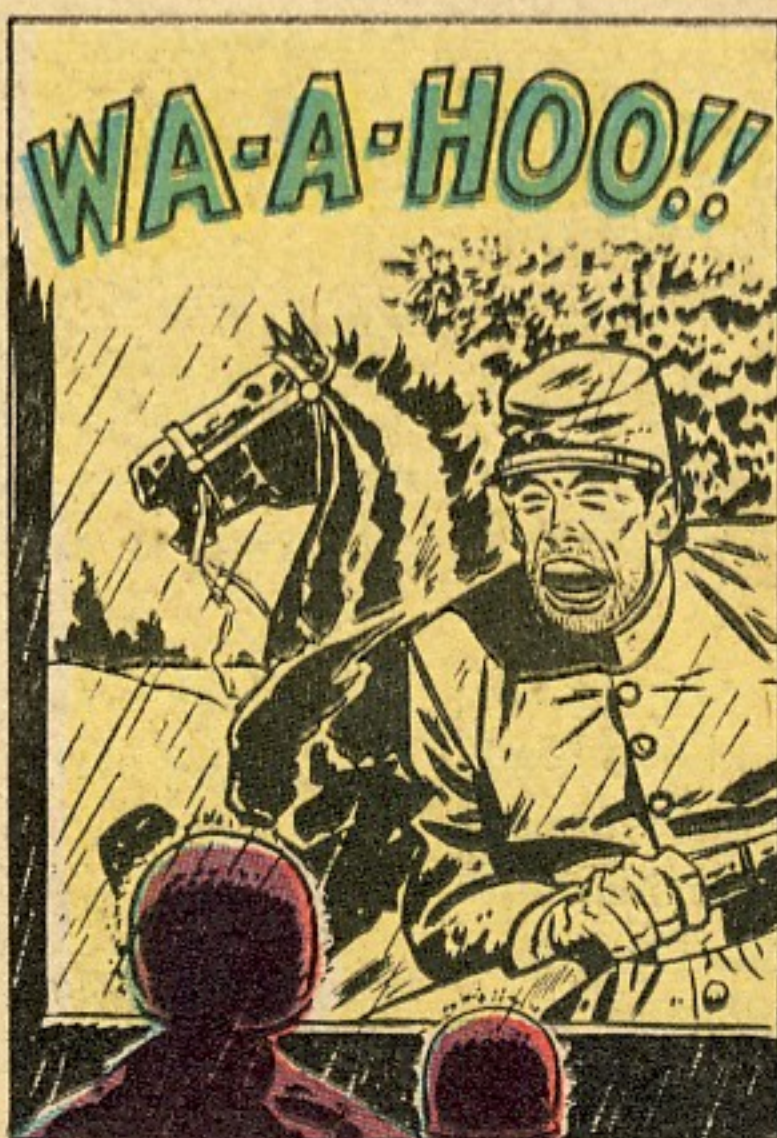
"Put this man in for the Silver Star!" ordered the general. "And see that he gets to go stateside. His kind of alertness will get us *all* home earlier!"

THE END

G.I. Joe

"Betsy Ross
Bags a
Colonel"

HISTORY GETS
SCRAMBLED AND
THE CONFEDERATE
STATES OF AMERICA
RISE AGAIN IN
KOREA WHEN ...
"BETSY ROSS BAGS
A COLONEL"



THE REBEL YELL!!
GOSH, SERGEANT MULVANEY,
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
A SOUTHERN REBEL!

THAT WAS PLAIN
OL' BROOKLYN
YELL, ROSS! I'M
A REBEL FROM
FLATBUSH!



NEVUH-THE-LESS, SERGEANT,
THAT YELL SHOWED **REAL**
REBEL SPIRIT! Y'KNOW,
CHARGIN' IN BEHIND THE
STARS AND BARS AND
A-YELLIN' THAT REBEL YELL
MUSTA BEEN **REAL** FINE!

YEAH... THE WAR
BUSINESS HAS
SLIPPED IN THE
LAST 70 YEARS. IT
AIN'T PICTURESQUE
NO MORE.



WHY COULDN'T OL'
BAKER COMPANY
HAVE A REBEL FLAG?
AND WHY COULDN'T
WE GO CHARGIN'
ALONG YELLIN'
BEHIND IT? **WHY?**

BECAUSE
IT'S 1952,
NOT 1862,
YA MUSCLE-
HEAD! **THAT'S**
WHY!

JOE BURCH IS **RIGHT!**
WHY CAIN'T WE HAVE A
STAH'S AND BAH'S FOR
US TO CHARGE AFTER
A-YELLIN' AND
A-SCREAMIN'?
WHY?



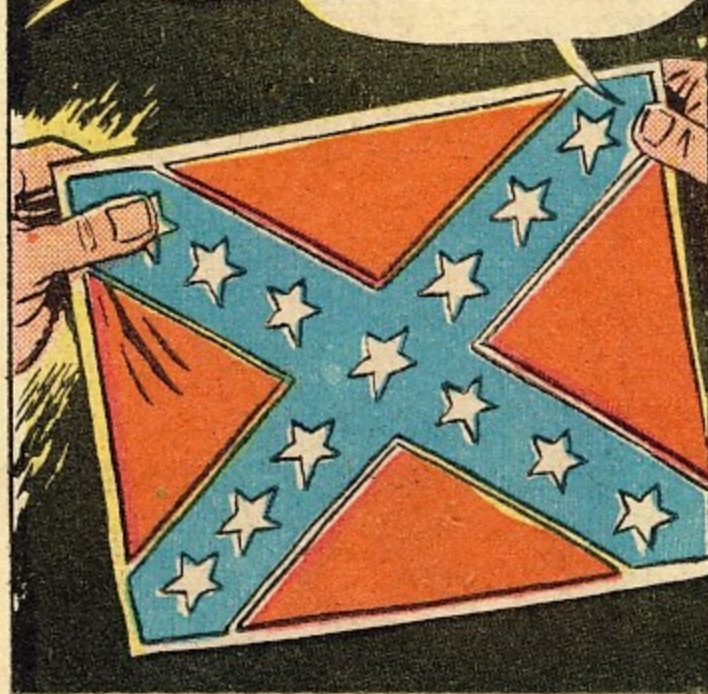
A WEEK LATER. BAKER COMPANY HAS
DUG IN AT THE FOOT OF AN ENEMY-
HELD HILL...

WHADDYA THINK
YOU'RE DOIN'
THERE, ROSS?

I'M A-SEWIN'
SERGEANT
MULVANEY!



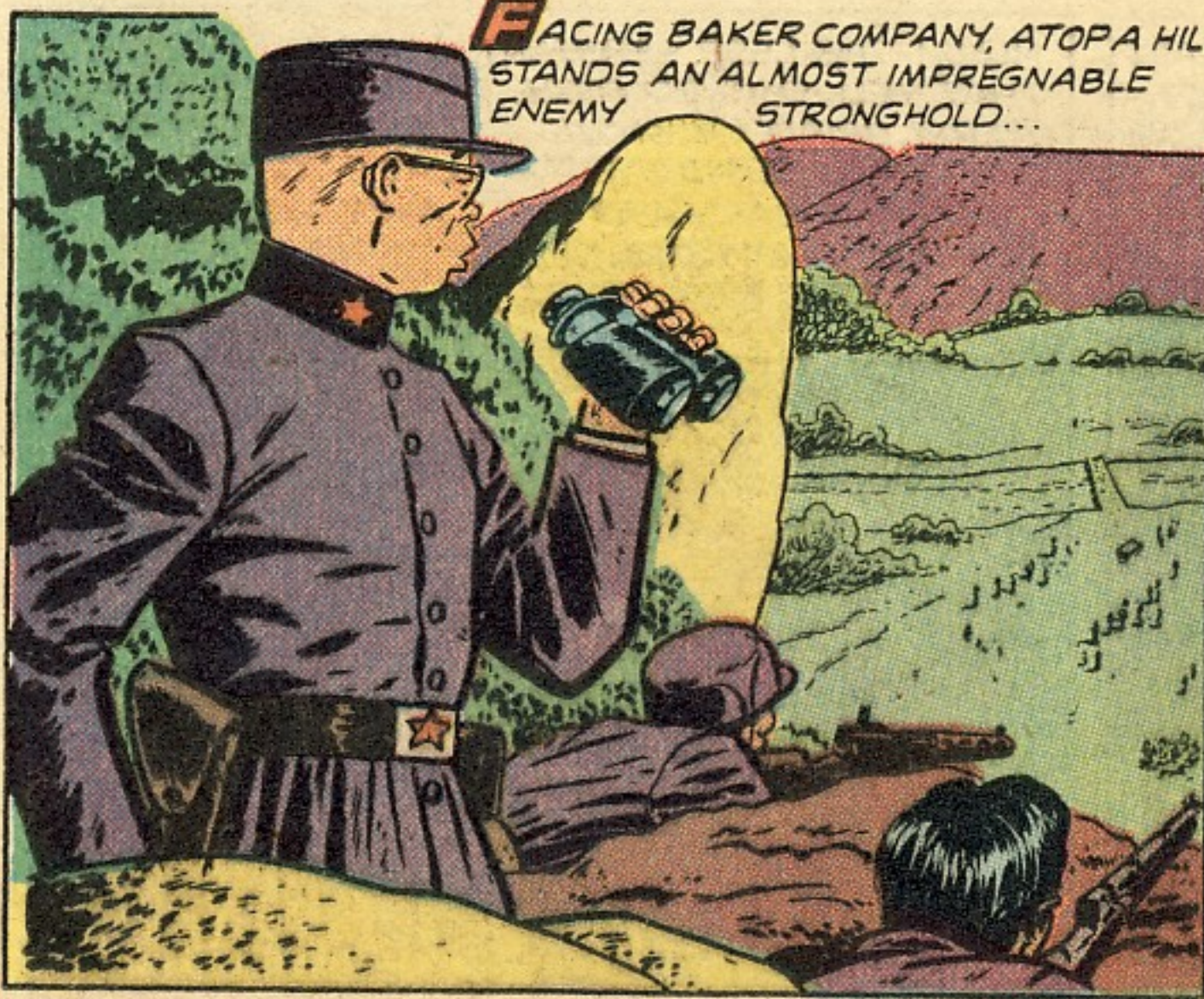
SEWIN'? SEWIN'
WHAT, HOMINY-
HEAD? I'M SEWIN' UP THIS
HERE BATTLE FLAG OF
THE CONFEDERACY FER
US TO CHARGE BEHIND!



GET IT, MULVANEY?
HE'S BAKER COMPANY'S
BETSY ROSS!
HA-HA-HA-HA!



FACING BAKER COMPANY, ATOP A HILL,
STANDS AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE
ENEMY STRONGHOLD...



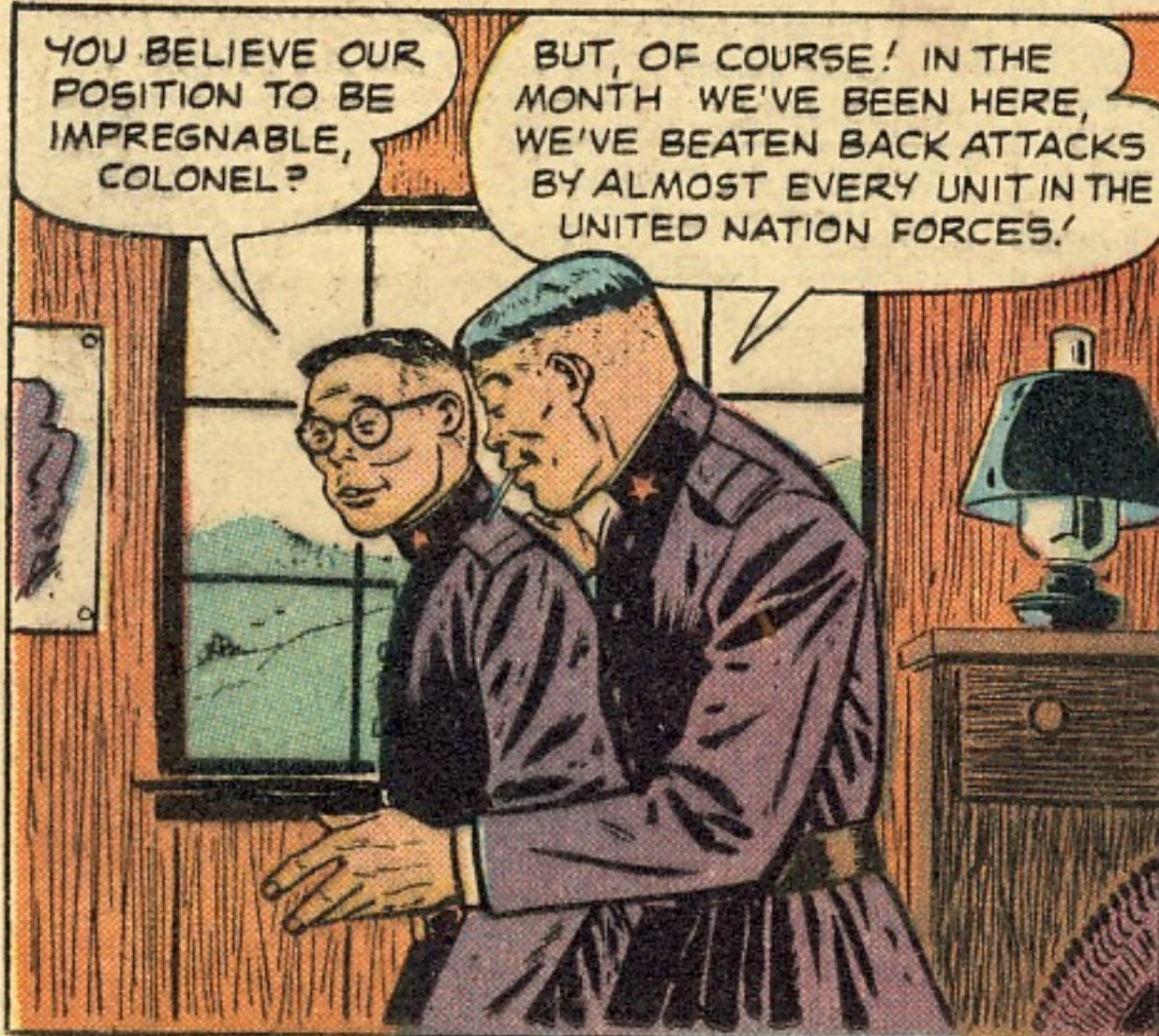
AN AMERICAN
COMPANY IS AT THE
BASE OF THE HILL,
SIR! THEY'RE PROBABLY
GETTING READY FOR
AN ASSAULT!

HA! LET THEM
TRY IT! THEY
HAVE NO AIR
SUPPORT--
THEY'LL END
UP LIKE ALL
THE OTHERS!

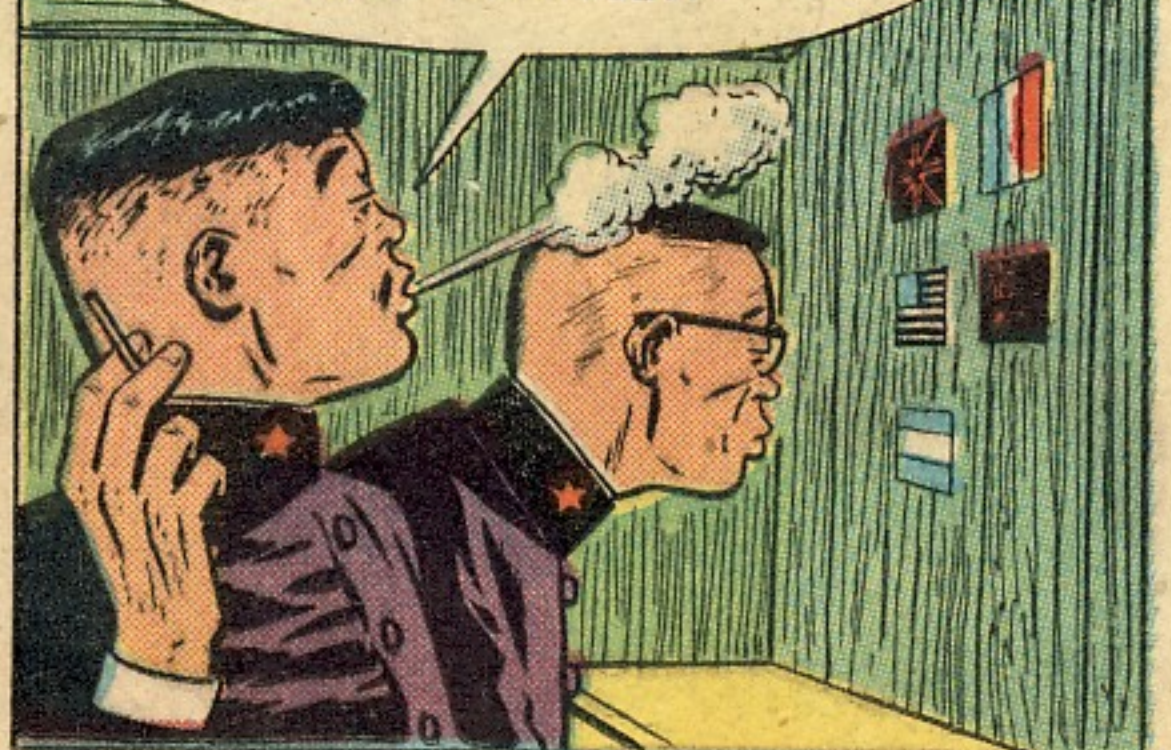


YOU BELIEVE OUR
POSITION TO BE
IMPREGNABLE,
COLONEL?

BUT, OF COURSE! IN THE
MONTH WE'VE BEEN HERE,
WE'VE BEATEN BACK ATTACKS
BY ALMOST EVERY UNIT IN THE
UNITED NATION FORCES!



LOOK AT THESE! BRITISH, FRENCH,
AUSTRALIANS, AMERICANS, DUTCHMEN!
THE NATIONAL COLORS OF UNITS WHOSE
ATTACKS ON US HAVE FAILED! AS SOON
AS AN ATTACK IS OVER, I PAINT THE
FLAG OF THE DEFEATED ATTACKER
HERE! MY HOBBY!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! WE'RE GOING
TO TAKE THIS HILL! LET'S GET
WITH IT!



I WISH THIS REBEL
FLAG WAS A REAL BIG
ONE, A-FLYIN' UP AHAID!
BUT MEBBE THIS LITTLE
TINY ONE IN MY SHIRT
IS BETTER'N NOTHIN'!



WHEN THE RIDDLED RANKS OF BAKER COMPANY ARE HALF-WAY UP THE HILL, THE ENEMY LAUNCHES A COUNTER-ATTACK IN FORCE...



DURING THE BITTER FIGHTING, "BETSY ROSS" BECOMES SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF BAKER COMPANY AND SEEKS REFUGE IN A CAVE...



AS BAKER COMPANY RETREATS TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL TO RE-FORM, THE ENEMY SEARCHES FOR AMERICAN STRAGGLERS...



LORDY, THEY'RE A-HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THIS CAVE AND THIS GEORGIA BOY!

WHAT ABOUT THIS CAVE, SERGEANT? THERE MIGHT BE YANKEES HOLED UP IN IT!

WE'LL PLAY THIS ONE SAFE! I'LL TOSS IN A GRENADE! IF THERE'S ANY YANKEES INSIDE-- GOODBY, YANKEES!



ORDIN'ARILY, AH'D BE PUT OUT TO BE CALLED A YANKEE, BUT THIS HEAH IS NO TIME FOH ARGUMENTS!



HOLD ON THEAH! AH AIN'T NO YANKEE! AH'M A CITIZEN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA!





INTERNATIONAL POLITICS ARE FAR TOO COMPLEX FOR THE MIND OF THIS HUMBLE SERGEANT! TAKE THIS COOLIE TO THE COLONEL!



THIS HERE YANKEE SAYS HE'S NO YAN-KEE, COLONEL!

I'M AN ALLY OF YOURS, SIR! I'M AN ANTI-YANKEE!

THE PRISONER WILL PLEASE EXPLAIN!



I'M A CITIZEN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, SUH! WE SEECEDED FROM THE UNITED STATES TO SET UP OUAH OWN REPUBLIC!



OUAH ARMIES FOUGHT THE UNITED STATES AT FUST BULL RUN, SECOND BULL RUN, CHANCELLORS-VILLE, GETTYSBURG, THE WILDERNESS, AN' ALL OVER AN' WE'RE A-LICKIN' THE YANKEES!



DOWN AT THE FOOT OF THIS HILL IS A BUNCH OF FELLA-CONFEDERATES WHO HAVE BEEN FORCED TO FIGHT FER THE UNITED NATIONS!! THAT THERE'S OUAH BATTLE FLAG, AND WE WANT NOTHIN' BETTER THAN TO COME OVUH TO PROVE IT!

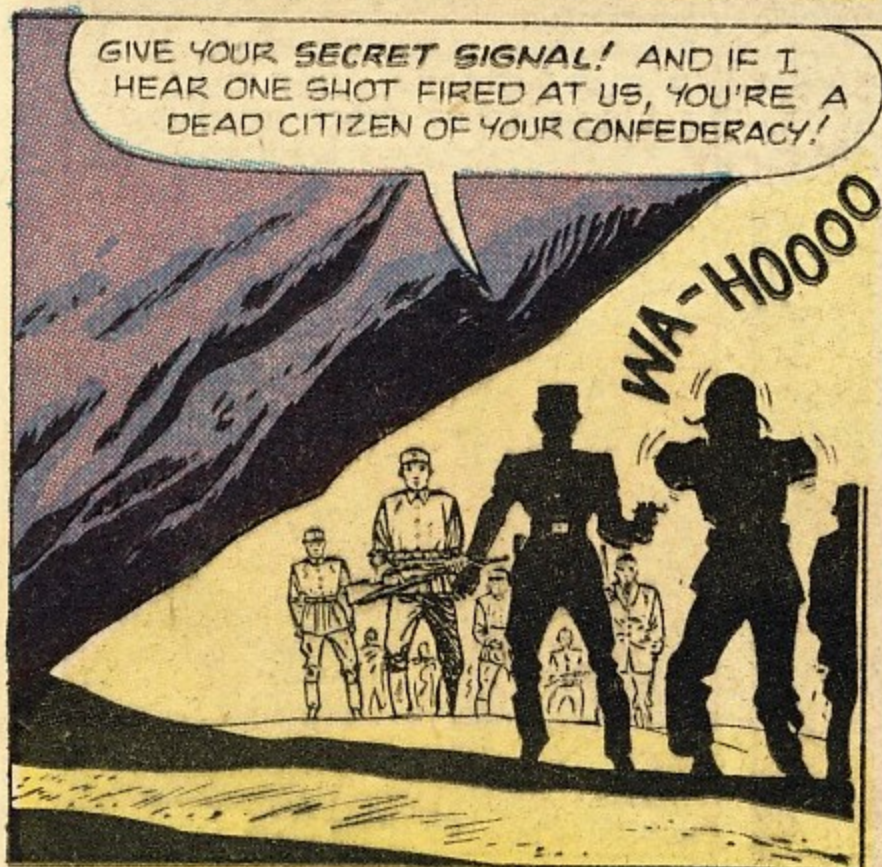
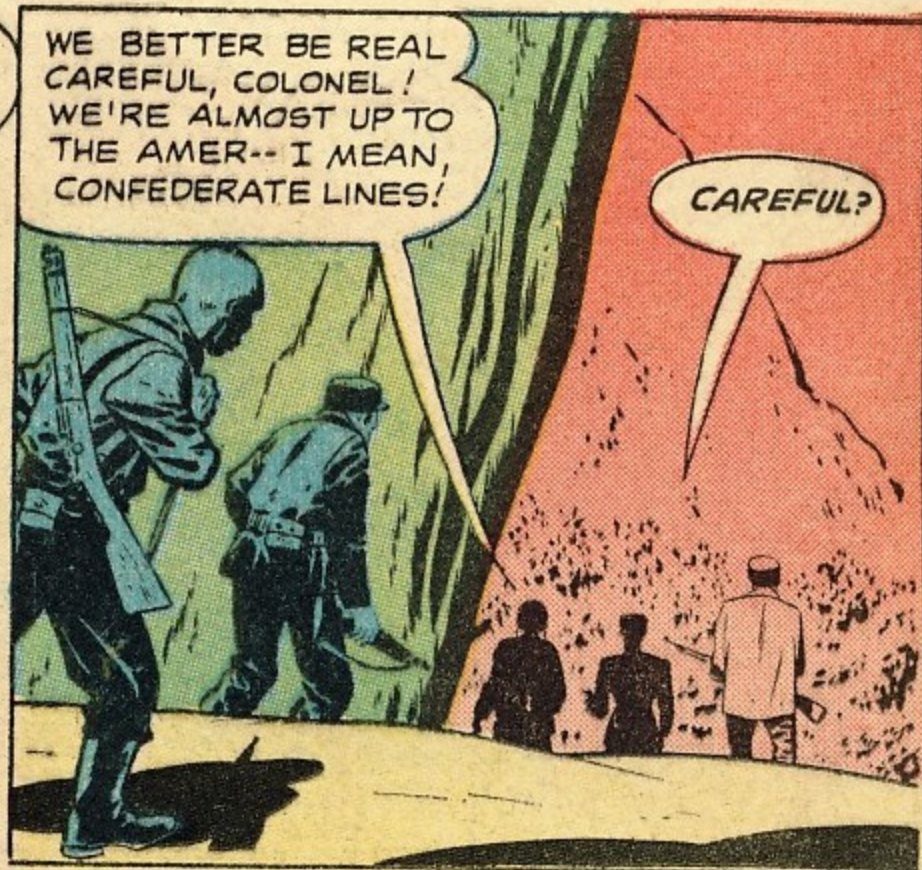


AND THIS HEAH'S OUAH REBEL YELL AND SECRET SIGNAL-- WAA-HOOOOO!!



LIKE THIS? WA-A-HOO!!

KUNNEL, YOU AND YOUAH MEN ARE JUST NATURAL-BORN REBELS! COME ON WITH ME TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL AND JINE UP WITH THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY--KOREAN BRANCH!





SURROUNDED AND TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE ENEMY PUTS UP A BRIEF BUT BITTER STRUGGLE.



HE SAID THAT THE CONFEDERATES HAD SECEDED FROM THE UNITED STATES AND SET UP AN INDEPENDENT NATION. THAT THEY WERE FIGHTING AND BEATING THE AMERICAN ARMIES! THAT THEY HATED THE YANKEES! IS THIS TRUE?

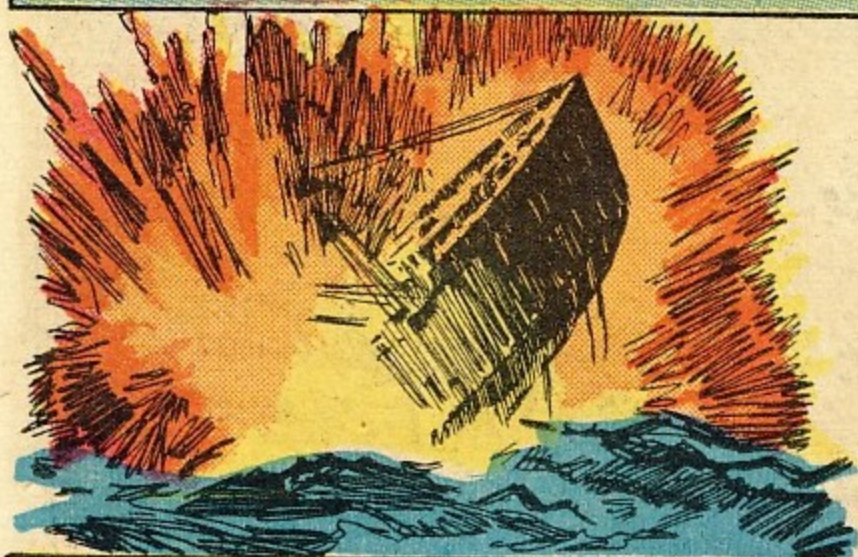


I'VE NEVER BEEN TOO GOOD AT HISTORY, COLONEL, BUT THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. ROSS JUST FIBBED TO YOU IN ONE PLACE--ALL THAT HAPPENED **NINETY** YEARS AGO. RIGHT NOW, THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARE PART OF THE **U.S.A.!**



The BATTLE of WITS

DURING WORLD WAR I, THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE DEADLY GERMAN U-BOATS IN THE ATLANTIC PRODUCED SOME INCREDIBLE TACTICS AS EACH SIDE SOUGHT TO OUT-WIT THE OTHER! THE GERMANS HAD THE "ACOUSTICAL TORPEDO" THAT FOLLOWED MOTOR VIBRATIONS TO ITS TARGET SHIP LIKE A HOMING PIGEON...



THE ALLIES HAD AN ANSWER FOR THAT! "VIBRATING DIAPHRAGM," "TUNING FORK," "RATTLER AND PROPELLER"; THESE WERE ALL DEVICES TOWED BEHIND SHIPS TO CONFUSE THE ACOUSTICAL TORPEDO...

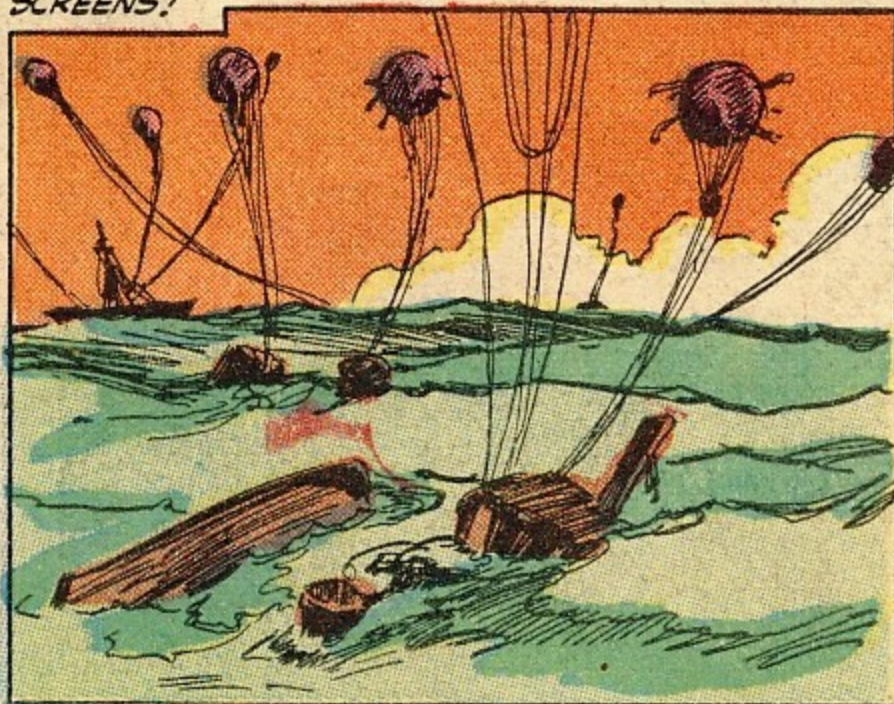


THE GERMAN SUBS PARTICULARLY FEARED DETECTION WHILE SURFACED! AS A RESULT THEY CAME UP WITH "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!" THIS WAS A MAN IN A POWERED KITE AND A WALKIE-TALKIE! HE ACTED AS LOOKOUT! WHEN HE SPOTTED SOMETHING, THE SUB WOULD CRASH-DIVE, AND HE WAS OFTEN LEFT OUT AS SHARK BAIT! HOWEVER THE MORALE OF THE MEN SUFFERED, AND THE GERMANS GAVE UP THIS SCHEME...

HIMMEL! A PLANE! I HOPE HERR CAPTAIN WAITS FOR ME TO COME DOWN!



SOMEWHAT LESS COSTLY, AND MORE EFFECTIVE, WAS THE "RADAR DECOY BALLOON!" THIS WAS A BALLOON WITH TIN-FOIL PLATES ATTACHED TO A SEA ANCHOR. SET TO DRIFT WITH THE WIND, IT CONFUSED RADAR SCREENS!



AND TO FOOL THE "SONAR," THE SOUND DETECTOR OF THE ANTI-SUB PATROLS, THE NAZIS HAD THE "PILLENWERFER," A GUN THAT SHOT CHEMICAL PILLS WHICH MADE NOISE LIKE THE SONAR "PING" AND ALMOST DROVE OUR SAILOR BOYS NUTS...

I'M SORRY, LIEUTENANT, BUT I'M GOING PING CRAZY! THAT SUB WE SPOTTED MUST BE USING THEIR PILL-GUN!



THE NAZIS ALSO SENT AIR BUBBLES FROM TORPEDO TUBES INTO THE WATER, OR MADE FAST SHARP TURNS TO CREATE A "KNUCKLE" (CURRENT) BOTH OF WHICH DEFLECTED THE PING AND CONFUSED THE SONAR! BUT IMPROVED SONAR SOON OVERCAME THAT AND TOLD THE NATURE, COURSE, RANGE, DEPTH, AND SPEED OF THE SUB... AND THE WOLF PACKS WERE BLASTED FROM THE DEEP...



EVERETT RAYMOND KASTER

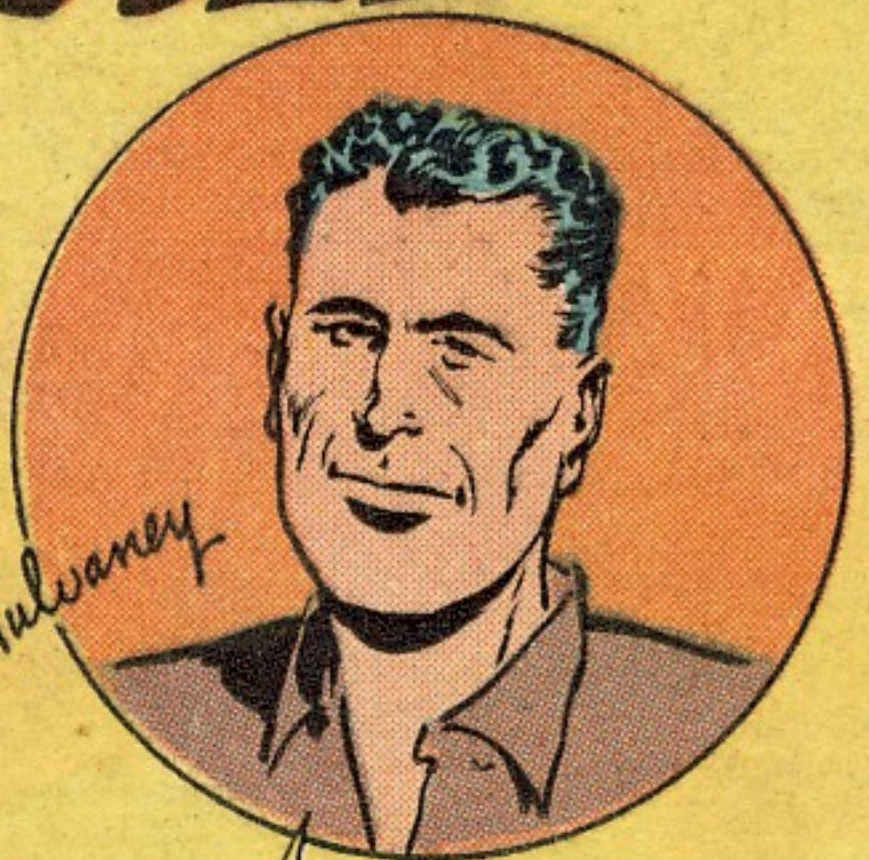
MAIL CALL



Joe Burch

SAY, GUYS —
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO KEEP
IN TOUCH WITH
YOUR BUDDIES
IN OTHER
OUTFITS! THIS
IS YOUR PAGE!

Sgt. Mulvaney



JOE'S RIGHT,
FELLAS! AN' IF
YA GOT ANY
GRIPES —
BLAST AWAY!

*"Meatball"
Eckersall*

WE WANNA
KNOW HOW
YA LIKE "G.I. JOE,"
THE **BEST SELLING**
WAR COMIC
MAGAZINE ON
THE STANDS!
AIN'T IT SO,
MEATBALL?

YA FORGOT
ONE THING,
WEEPY.
"G.I. JOE"
IS THE ORIGINAL
WAR COMIC
MAGAZINE!

*"Weepy"
Hoolihan*



SO LET'S HEAR
FROM YA! JUST
SEND YOUR
LETTERS TO ME:
G. I. JOE
ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.
366 MADISON AVE.
N.Y., N.Y.



The Colonel's Girl

A WAR DOES NOT STOP BECAUSE OF A SOLDIER'S HEARTBREAK-- AND OFTEN AN ENLISTED MAN THINKS OF HIS OFFICERS AS UNFEELING MEN WITH HEARTS OF STEEL. BUT SOMETIMES AN INDIVIDUAL OFFICER CAN SET ASIDE A FEW REGULATIONS AND REPAIR A G.I.'S HAPPINESS. HERE WE SEE COMPANY "A" ON THE WAY TO CHOW--AMONG THEM THEM THE NEWLY-ARRIVED PRIVATE "CHIP" RUSSELL....



YOU THINK WE'LL BE MOVING UP AGAIN, SOON, SARGE?

YA GOT ME, KID! I DON'T--

HARRIET! HARRIET LESTER!

GEE, HONEY--THIS IS THE LAST PLACE IN THE WORLD I EXPECTED TO RUN INTO YOU!

THE KID MUST BE BATTLE-HAPPY, CALLING A FIRST LIEUTENANT "HONEY."

THE COLONEL SURE AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS!

THE LIEUTENANT LOOKS GLAD TO SEE HIM, TOO! GEE, THESE NEW GUYS GET ALL THE BREAKS!

WELL, YOU MUGS CAN STAND THERE AND GAPE IF YOU WANT TO! I'M GONNA GET ME SOME CHOW!



THAT NIGHT AS THE MEN PREPARE TO HIT THE HAY...

HEY, RUSSELL,
WHAT GIVES
BETWEEN YOU
AND THE
LIEUTENANT?

I MET HER IN FRISCO WHEN
SHE WAS A CIVILIAN NURSE!
WE ONLY KNEW EACH OTHER
A WEEK, BUT I NEVER
FORGOT HER!

THEN I GOT SHIPPED OUT WITHOUT
WARNING AND NEVER EVEN GOT A CHANCE
TO GIVE HER MY P.O. NUMBER! I WROTE
HER, BUT SHE NEVER GOT MY LETTERS!
THAT WAS OVER
A YEAR AGO--
BUT SHE'S BEEN
MY DREAM PIN-
UP EVER
SINCE!

WELL, I GOTTA ADMIRE YOUR
TASTE, CHIP, BUT YOU'RE A LITTLE
TOO LATE-- THE FIRST
LIEUTENANT HAPPENS
TO BE **THE COLONEL'S**
GIRL NOW!

WHY,
YOU...

**YOU'RE
LYING!** I'M
GONNA RAM
THOSE WORDS
DOWN YOUR
THROAT!

RELAX, KID! YOU AIN'T GOT NO
BEEF! SHE COULDN'T HAVE DATED
YOU ANYWAY! AN OFFICER'S POISON
AS FAR AS A BUCK PRIVATE'S
CONCERNED!

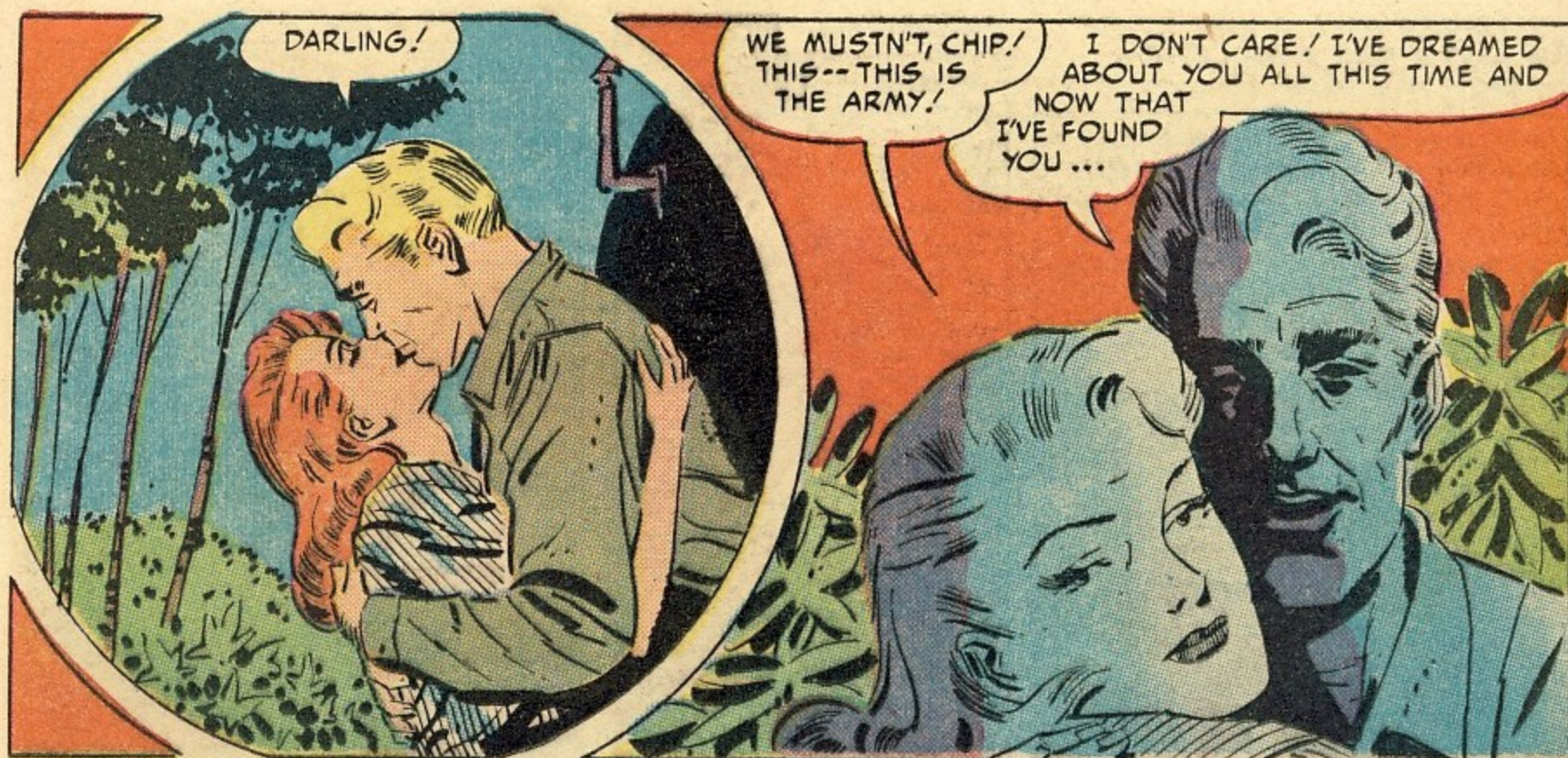
EASY, KID! THE
SARGE IS GIVIN'
YA THE STRAIGHT
DOPE!

I GUESS I LOST
MY HEAD, SARGE!
SORRY!

**LATER, UNABLE TO SLEEP, CHIP GOES FOR A
WALK...**

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT! SHE
CAN'T BE IN LOVE
WITH ANYBODY
ELSE!

CHIP!



DARLING!

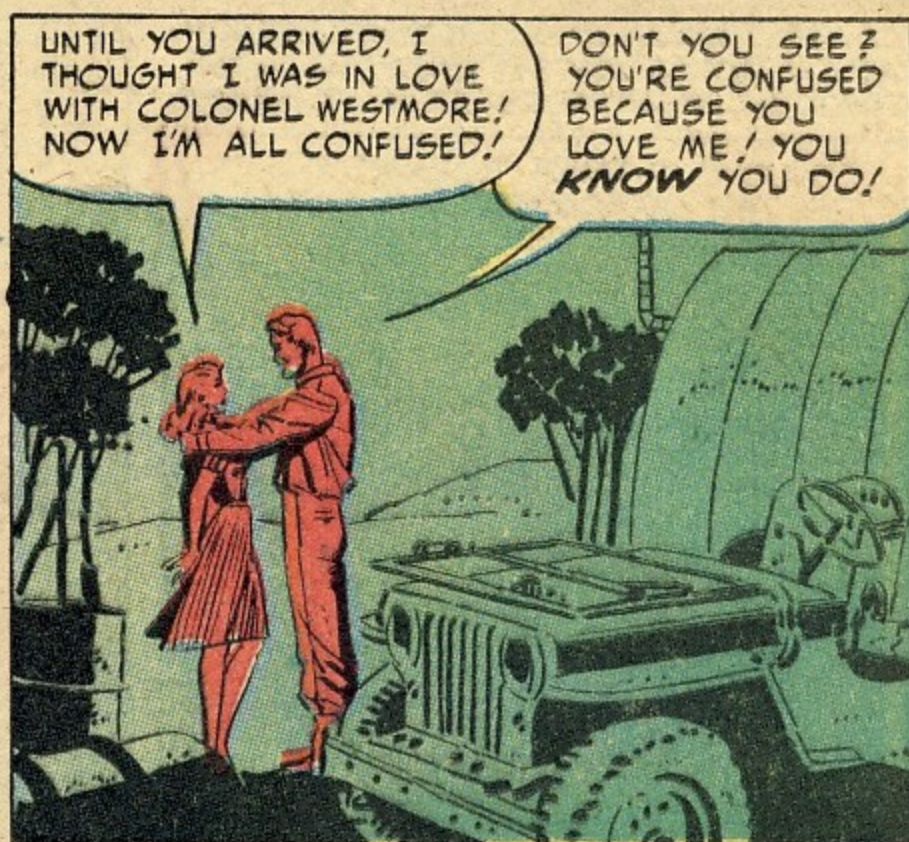
WE MUSTN'T, CHIP!
THIS--THIS IS
THE ARMY!

I DON'T CARE! I'VE DREAMED
ABOUT YOU ALL THIS TIME AND
NOW THAT
I'VE FOUND
YOU ...



IT'S NO GOOD, CHIP!
WE'D JUST BETTER
THINK OF THE PAST
AS A PLEASANT
INTERLUDE!

MAYBE **YOU** CAN--
BUT IT'S MORE THAN
THAT TO ME!



UNTIL YOU ARRIVED, I
THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE
WITH COLONEL WESTMORE!
NOW I'M ALL CONFUSED!

DON'T YOU SEE?
YOU'RE CONFUSED
BECAUSE YOU
LOVE ME! YOU
KNOW YOU DO!



I'M A NURSE, CHIP! IF
I WORRY ABOUT SEEING
YOU--VIOLATING RE-
GULATIONS-- THEN
I'M FAILING THE
BOYS! BESIDES,
WE HARDLY
KNEW EACH OTHER
--IT WAS ONLY
A WEEK!



YEAH--ONLY A WEEK! BUT THE FIRST TIME I
SAW YOU I FELT LIKE I'D KNOWN YOU ALL
MY LIFE!

CHIP... PLEASE!

BUT THERE'S STILL A WAR TO BE WON AND A FEW DAYS LATER, COMPANY "A" MOVES UP...



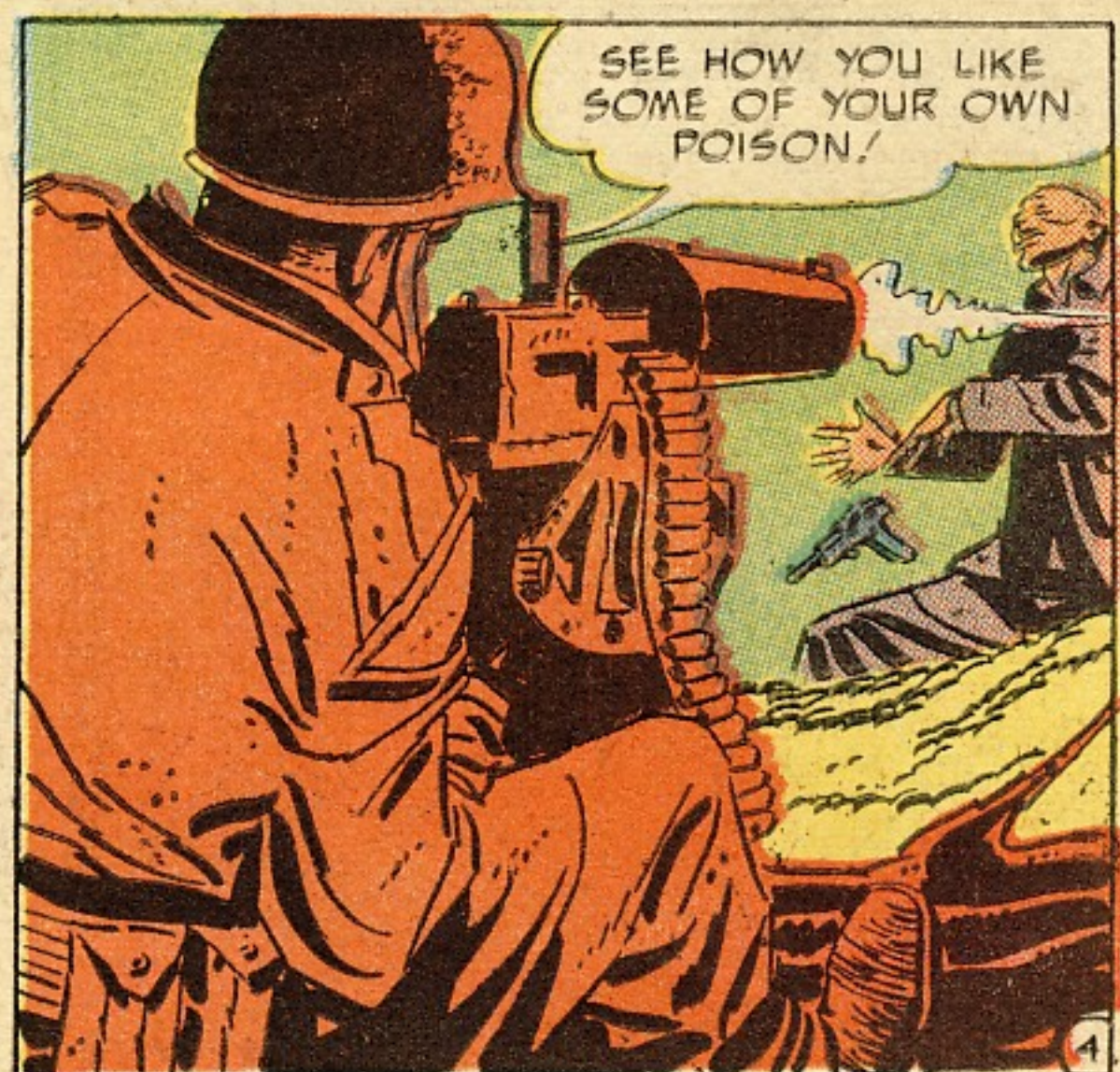
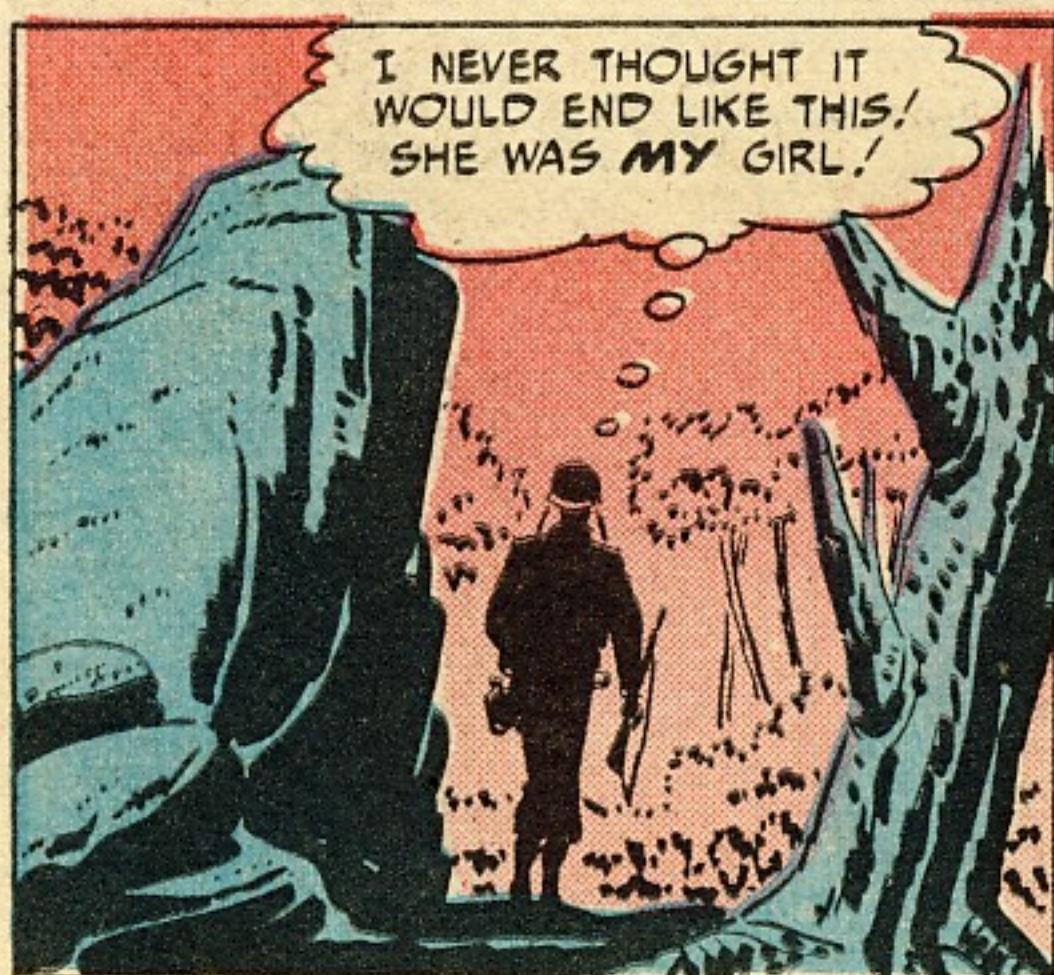
SUDDENLY...



BUT AFTER A FEW AGONIZING MOMENTS...



BUT HEARTBREAK IS A STRONGER EMOTION THAN CAUTION! WHEN THE RESISTANCE DIES DOWN, CHIP WANDERS OFF TO BE BY HIMSELF...





MEANWHILE...

THE SHOTS
CAME FROM
OVER THAT
WAY, SIR!

LET'S GO, MEN! SOME OF OUR
TROOPS MAY BE OVER THERE!



IT'S
CHIP!

EIGHT OF THEM, SINGLE-HANDED!
I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND YOU
FOR THE SILVER STAR, RUSSELL!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BASE HOSPITAL, UNA-
WARE OF CHIP'S DANGER, FIRST LIEUTENANT HARRIET
LESTER ENTERS THE COLONEL'S OFFICE...

I WANT TO PUT IN
FOR A TRANSFER,
CHUCK!

TRANSFER? BUT,
HARRIET, YOU'RE THE
BEST NURSE WE'VE
GOT HERE!



I'M SORRY IF THIS
HURTS YOU, CHUCK--
BUT THERE'S A BOY--
A PRIVATE! WE WERE
IN LOVE BACK IN
THE STATES! I-- I
CAN'T HELP IT! I
STILL LOVE HIM,
AND THIS SILVER
BAR IS KEEPING
US APART!

I SEE! WELL, DON'T
TRANSFER, HARRIET! WE'LL
WORK SOMETHING
OUT! REGULATIONS
CAN BE--ER--
STRETCHED A
LITTLE!



MEETING NO FURTHER ENEMY RESISTANCE, COMPANY
"A" RETURNS TO THE BASE! IN THE HOSPITAL, CHIP
RUSSELL IS ANYTHING BUT A MODEL PATIENT...

SIR-- YOU'VE
GOT TO GET ME
TRANSFERRED TO
ANOTHER HOSPITAL!
I CAN'T STAY
HERE!

LOOK HERE, RUSSELL--
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
THIS BEFORE! THERE'S
NO REASON IN THE
WORLD FOR TRANSFERRING
YOU-- NOW YOU JUST
SETTLE DOWN. THAT'S
AN ORDER!

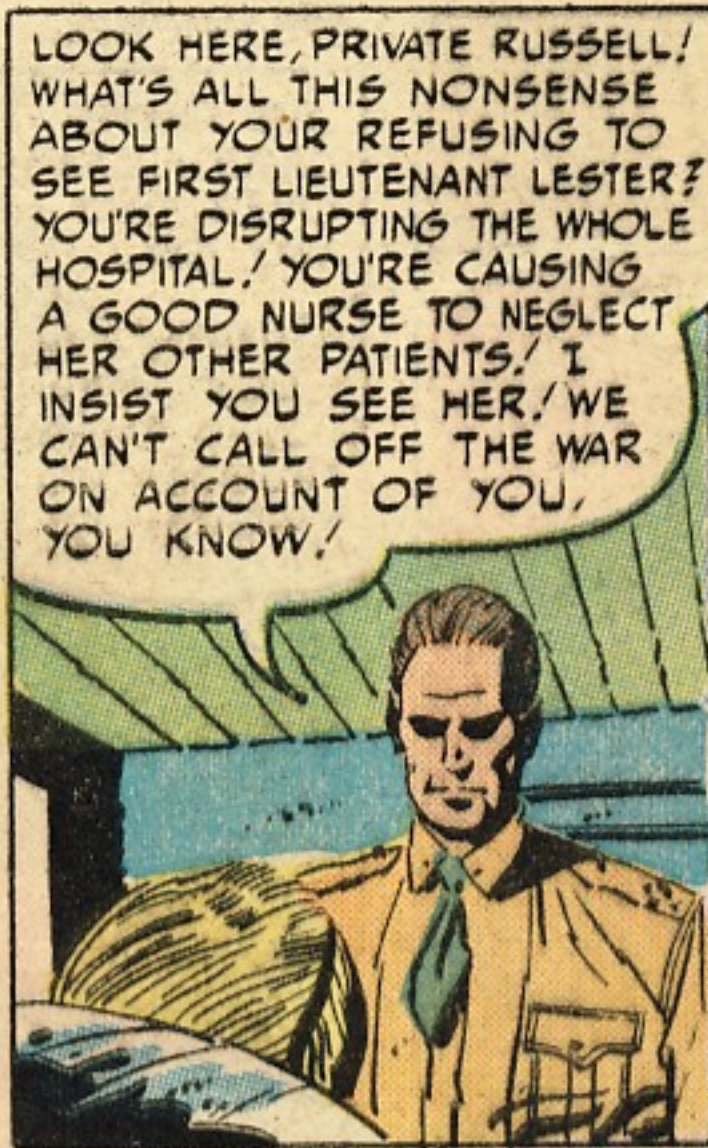




LOOK, KID--
LIEUTENANT
LESTER'S
BEEN
TRYING
TO SEE
YOU EVER
SINCE
YOU GOT
BACK!

YOU'RE CRAZY NOT
TO SEE HER, CHIP!
EVEN IF SHE IS A
FIRST LOOEY, SHE'S
SOME DISH!

SHE
FEELS SORRY
FOR ME--THAT'S
WHY SHE WANTS
TO SEE ME!



LOOK HERE, PRIVATE RUSSELL!
WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE
ABOUT YOUR REFUSING TO
SEE FIRST LIEUTENANT LESTER?
YOU'RE DISRUPTING THE WHOLE
HOSPITAL! YOU'RE CAUSING
A GOOD NURSE TO NEGLECT
HER OTHER PATIENTS! I
INSIST YOU SEE HER! WE
CAN'T CALL OFF THE WAR
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU,
YOU KNOW!

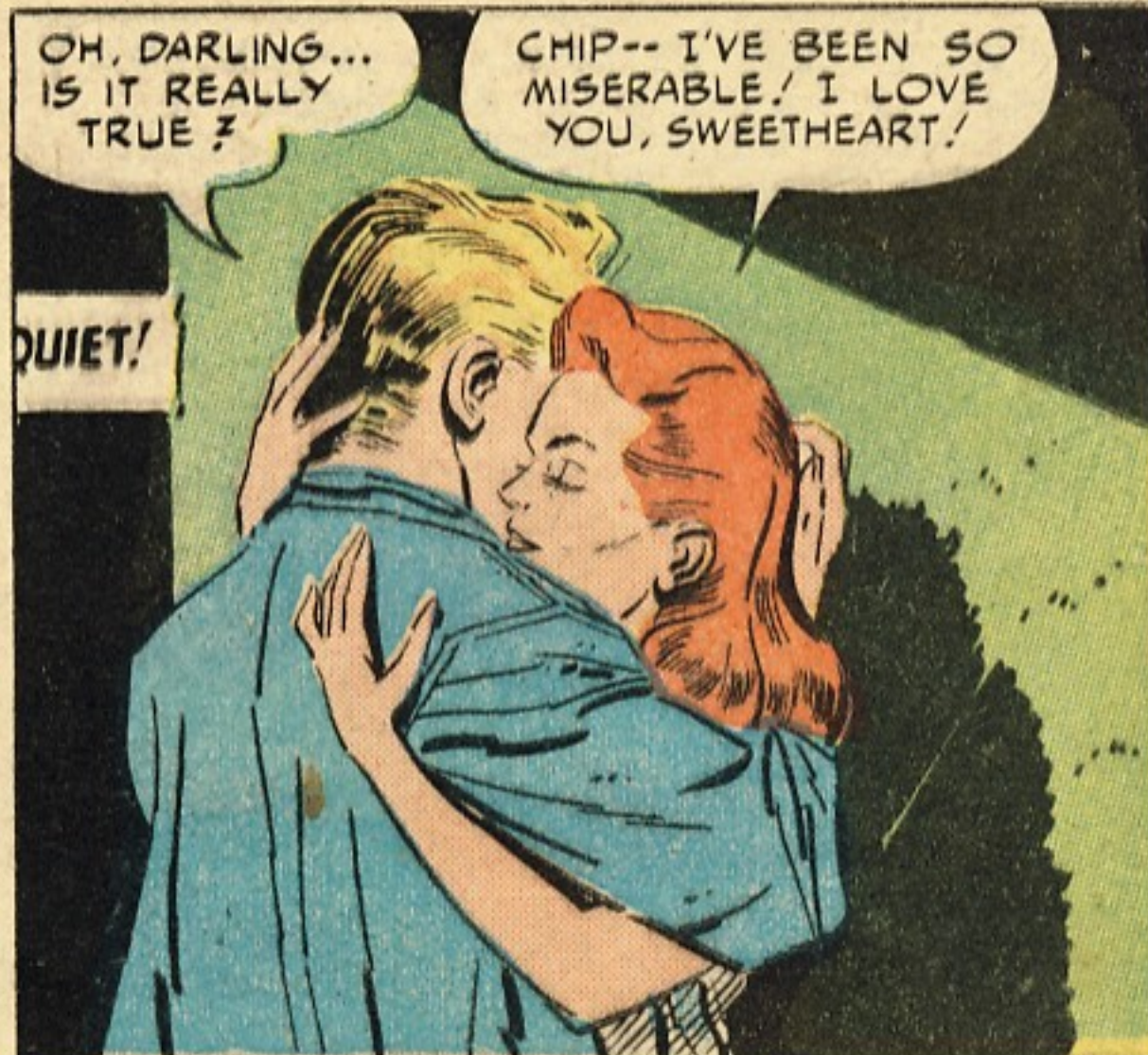


I'M SORRY,
SIR, BUT IT'S
NO USE!
SHE CAN'T
EVER BE
MY GIRL!
SHE
LOVES THE
COLONEL...

I WISH THAT **WERE**
THE CASE, RUSSELL--
BUT IT SO
HAPPENS **YOU'RE**
THE ONE SHE
LOVES! SHE'S
WAITING OUTSIDE
NOW!



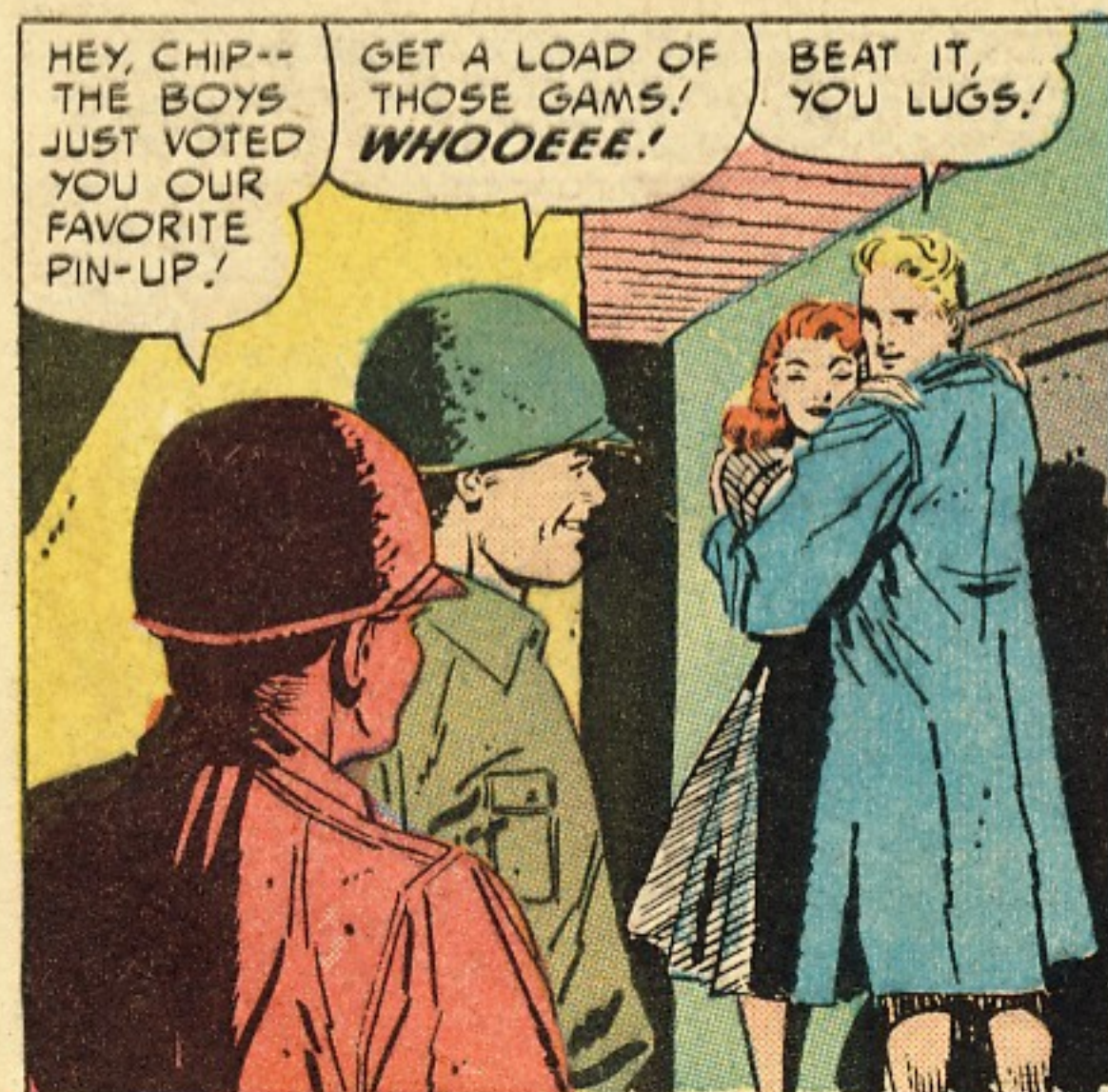
WHAT?
YOU MEAN...
YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING ME,
COLONEL, SIR?
GOTA MY WAY,
EVERYBODY!



OH, DARLING...
IS IT REALLY
TRUE?

CHIP-- I'VE BEEN SO
MISERABLE! I LOVE
YOU, SWEETHEART!

QUIET!



HEY, CHIP--
THE BOYS
JUST VOTED
YOU OUR
FAVORITE
PIN-UP!

GET A LOAD OF
THOSE GAMS!
WHOOEEE!

BEAT IT,
YOU LUGS!



LATER, THAT EVENING...

WELL, THERE'S
ONE REALLY
HAPPY SOLDIER!

YEAH, THE COLONEL
HAS HIS EAGLES, BUT THE
PRIVATE GOT THE CHICKEN!

The End

G.I. Joe

in Weepy's Christmas

IT IS WINTER IN KOREA, AND AS THE MEN OF "BAKER" COMPANY PLOW THROUGH THE SNOW BANKS, THEY CAN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER THE LONELY CHRISTMAS OF TWO MONTHS PAST. FOR NOT ONE MAN IN THE OUTFIT HAD RECEIVED A GIFT FROM HOME. BUT NOW, IT'S ALL FORGOTTEN AS A BULLET-RIDDEN MAIL TRUCK CAREENS TO A STOP IN FRONT OF COMPANY HEADQUARTERS...

HEY, GUYS!
THE MAIL TRUCKS
HERE!

YEAH--AN' IT
LOOKS LIKE IT
RAN INTO
TROUBLE!



"WEEPY"

WHAT HAPPENED,
CORPORAL?

RAN INTO SOME RED JETS!
THEY CLIPPED US WITH A
FEW ROUNDS, BUT CASEY HERE,
DODGED THOSE BIRDS FOR
A SOLID HALF-HOUR!
THEN WE HIT A WOODED
AREA, AND THEY
GAVE UP!

IF WE WERE CARRYIN' ANYTHIN'
ELSE, BOYS, THE SARGE AN'
ME WOULD'VE LEFT THE TRUCK
AN' HIGH-TAILED IT! BUT THESE
HERE PACKAGES ARE YOUR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

YIPPEEE!!

AN' WE
THOUGHT
THE FOLKS
BACK HOME
FORGOT!







BOY, SARGE, DID YOU "CON" ME! **A FLANNEL NIGHTIE!**

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** WANTED, M'BOY! AN' I MUST SAY THAT IT LOOKS VERY SWEET ON YOU!

NOW WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS SPORTS SHIRT?

WHAT'RE **YOU** COMPLAININ' ABOUT, TONY? WHERE D'YA GO FISHIN' AROUND HERE?

NOW I GOT ME A COOK BOOK, BUT WHERE DO I GET THE CHOW?

WONDER WHO WOULD SEND ME THIS BOOK ON HOW TO WIN FRIENDS... HMMM!

SOON, THE MEN OF "BAKER" ARE CALLED INTO COMBAT ONCE AGAIN... CHRISTMAS GIFTS ARE PUT AWAY AND IMPLEMENTS OF WAR ARE TAKEN OUT...

BRRR! IF IT GETS ANY COLDER MY M-1 WILL CRACK IN TWO!

HA! TRY WRAPPIN' YOUR NIGHTIE AROUND IT, JOE!

HOLD IT, MEN! SOMETHING'S MOVING OUT THERE!

IT'S A WOUNDED GYRENE!

EASY, BUDDY, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! EASY...

MY BATTALION... TRAPPED BY REDS... HILL 211... GOTTA GET THEM SOME HELP... THEY... OHHHH!

HE'S DEAD!



I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE TO GO BACK FOR REINFORCEMENTS! THOSE REDS MEAN BUSINESS! THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS GET SOME SUPPLIES TO THE MARINES AND TRY TO FIGHT OFF THE REDS! TAKE SOME MEN WITH YOU, MULVANEY! WE'LL SEND AMMUNITION AND FOOD!

OKAY, LOOTENANT! JOE, TELL WEEPY AND MEATBALL TO GET UP HERE FAST!

RIGHT, SARGE!

OKAY, GUYS, LET'S GO! REMEMBER, TRY TO STICK TOGETHER!

JUST LIKE GLUE, SERGEANT MULVANEY—JUST LIKE GLUE!



THROUGH THE BLINDING BLIZZARD, THE G.I. QUARTET SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY. FINALLY, THEY REACH THE TRAPPED BATTALION...

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, "BAKER" COMPANY IS HAVING ITS OWN TROUBLES...

...AND "BAKER" COMPANY IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, LOOTENANT!

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THERE'S SOME HELP, SERGEANT! BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT ENOUGH!



KEEP THOSE WEAPONS GOING MEN!

THE ONE THING I WAS AFRAID! THE REDS HAVE DOUBLED BACK AND TRAPPED US, TOO!



SAY, LOOTENANT, JUST GOT WORD THAT THE ARMY COMPANY OUT THERE IS TRAPPED!

THAT WAS OUR ONLY WAY OUT! THE WAY THOSE REDS ARE CLOSIN' IN WE'LL ALL BE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE TOMORROW!

YEAH, AN' A GUY WOULD BE CRAZY TO TRY TO GET PAST THE RED LINES!



SAY, JOE—I GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN...

TERRIFIC, WEEPY!



THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME FOR JOKES, SOJER! GET THAT SILLY LOOKIN' THING OFF AN' GRAB A RIFLE!

SORRY, LIEUTENANT, BUT I'M GOIN' FOR HELP! THOSE REDS'LL NEVER SEE ME IN **THIS** GET-UP!



THE KID WAS RIGHT, LOOTENANT! IF I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUT THERE, I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SPOT HIM!

LET'S HOPE HE GETS THROUGH, SERGEANT!



WOW! WHAT A TEMPTATION TO PICK OFF THESE GUYS!



TWO HOURS LATER, JOE ARRIVES AT AN OUTPOST. SOON HE STANDS BEFORE THE COLONEL...

SIR, THIS PRIVATE WANTED TO SEE YA...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY RUNNING AROUND IN THAT OUTFIT? I'LL HAVE YOU COURT-MARTIALED ... I'LL HAVE YOU...

LISTEN, COLONEL! PLEASE!



THERE'S A MARINE BATTALION AND AN ARMY COMPANY TRAPPED BACK THERE! IF WE DON'T GET THEM REINFORCEMENTS...

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? CORPORAL, I WANT TANKS AND INFANTRY OUT IN THREE MINUTES! WE'RE GOING TO ROLL!



MEANWHILE, THE ENEMY CLOSES IN ON THE TRAPPED BATTALION...

THEY'RE COMIN' CLOSER! LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW MARINES GO DOWN!

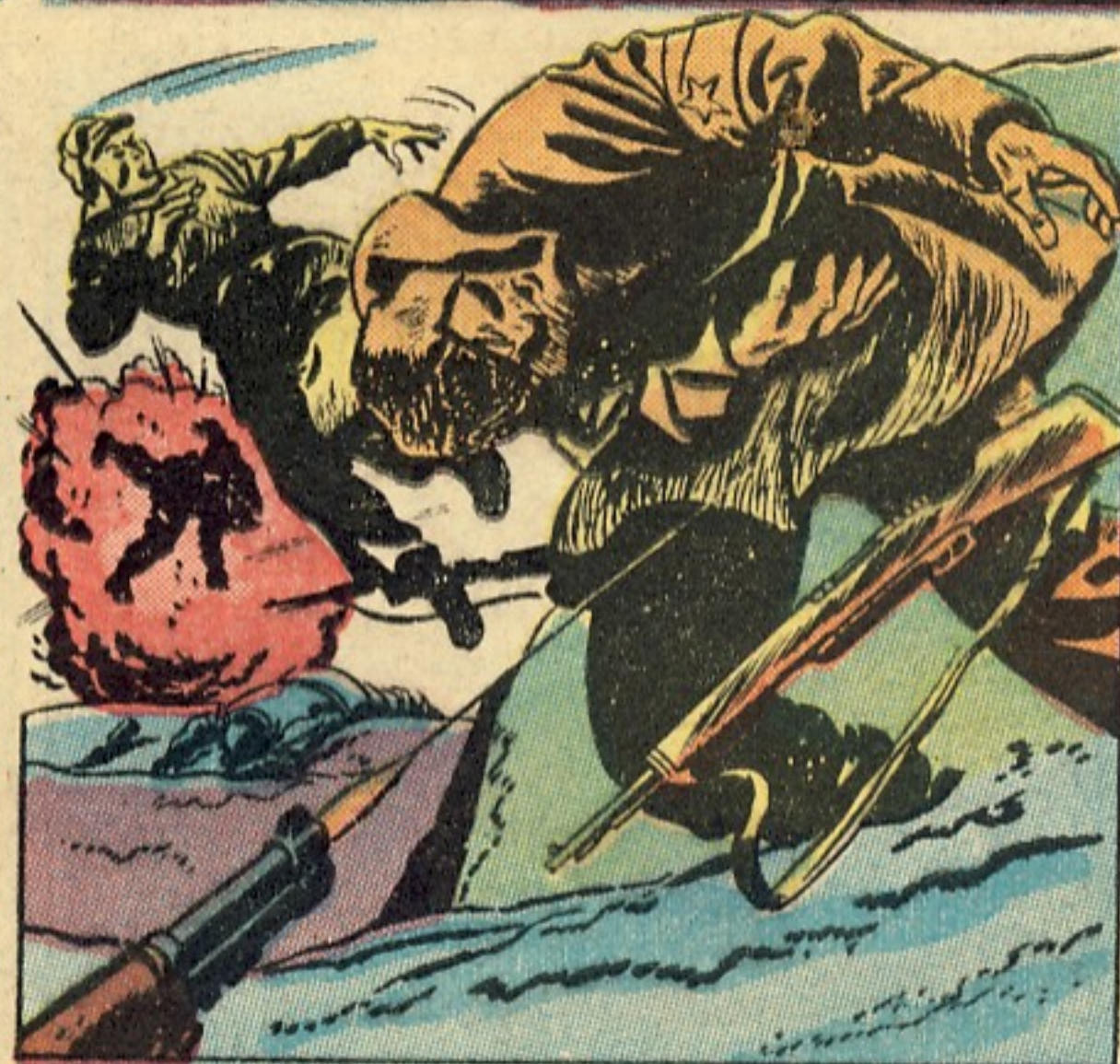
THIS—THIS WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF MABEL WOULD'VE SENT ME SOMETHIN'!



LET 'EM HAVE IT, GUYS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THEIR VICTORY!

AND BAKER COMPANY IS NO BETTER OFF...

KEEP THOSE GUNS GOING, MEN! GIVE THEM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!



YAHOOO! REINFORCEMENTS! AN' THEY GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

GOOD OL' JOE! I'LL NEVER SAY ANOTHER MEAN THING TO HIM AGAIN! GOOD OLE JOE!



AFTER THEM, MEN! DON'T LET UP!

JUST LOOK AT THEM TIN-CANS TEAR THOSE REDS T'PIECES!





THE BLOODY BATTLE FINALLY ENDS, AND THE REDS ARE DEFEATED. NOW THE MEN OF "BAKER" TAKE A WELL-EARNED REST...



THAT WAS A FINE JOB, BURCH! I'VE PUT YOU IN FOR THE BRONZE STAR, AND FOR EVERYONE, A PASS TO SEOUL! AND BY THE WAY, YOU MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR A NEW ADDITION TO THE SOLDIER'S UNIFORM! THE HIGH COMMAND IS SERIOUSLY THINKING OF SUPPLYING US WITH WINTER GARMENTS SIMILIAR TO YOUR-ER-NIGHTIE, FOR SNOW FIGHTING!

THANK YOU, SIR!

HEY, JOE! HERE'S YER JACKET BACK! NOW GIMME THAT NIGHTIE! I GOTTA HAVE IT!

OKAY, SARGE! BUT FOR A MAN WHO WANTED TO GET RID OF IT SO FAST, THIS IS QUITE A CHANGE!



WHO EVER THOUGHT WE'D GET A PASS TO SEOUL? I KNOW A BABE THERE WHO'D GIVE **ANYTHIN'** FOR THIS! THANKS, KID! S'LONG!

YEAH, SURE! THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS PLANNIN' T'DO WITH IT! I KNOW A BABE, TOO!



HEY, JOE-- JOE! I SORTA ADMIRERD THAT JACKET EVER SINCE YOU HAD IT! YA HEARD ABOUT THE GIFT I FINALLY GOT FROM MABEL, DIDN'T YA? WELL, DO YA WANNA TRADE?

MIGHT AS WELL, WEEPY! THIS JACKET DON'T DO ME MUCH GOOD HERE!

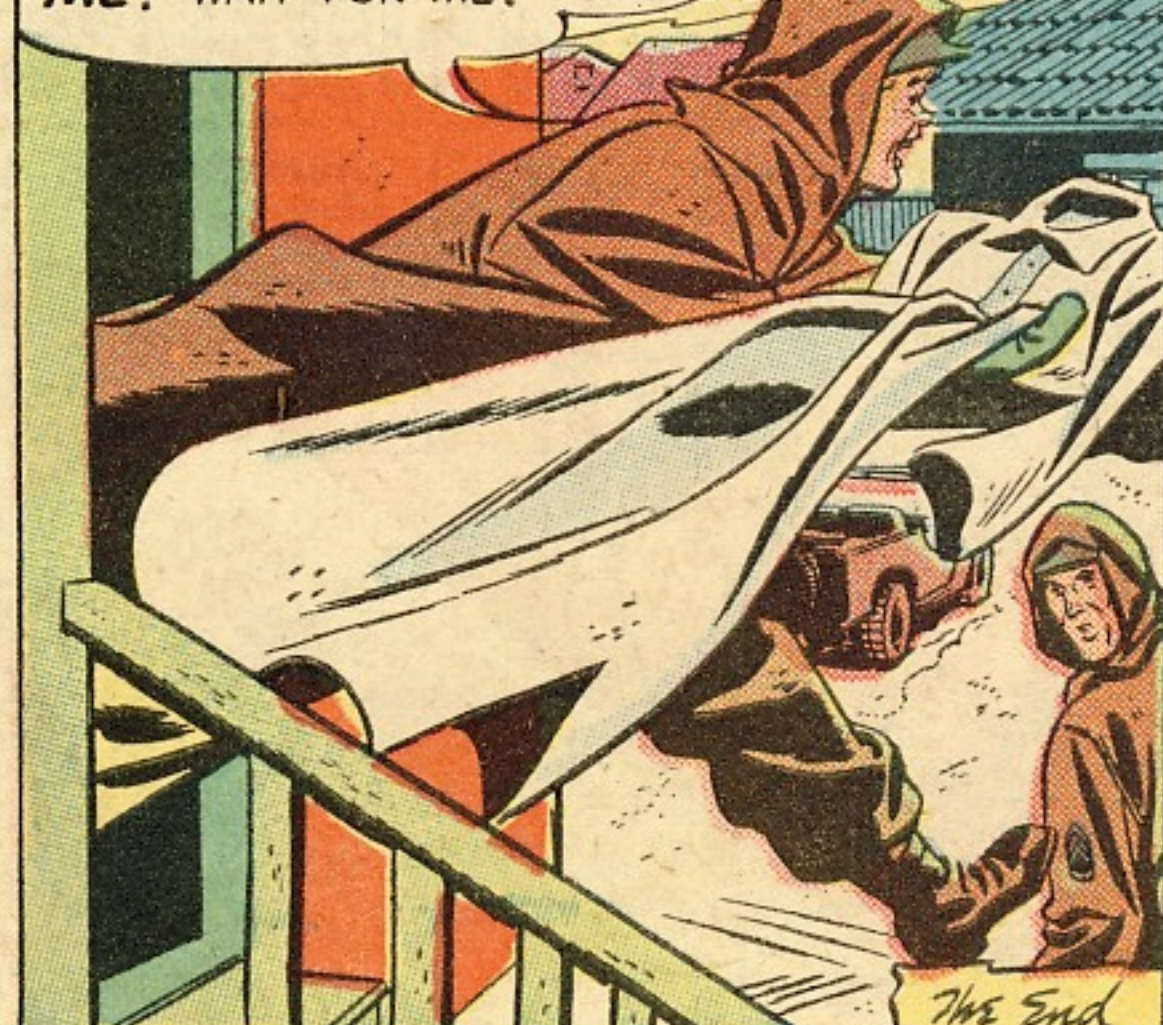


THANKS, JOE, THIS IS A FINE JACKET!

YEAH, WEEPY-- HEY!



HEY, SARGE! **WAIT FOR ME!** WAIT FOR ME!



The End

Forty MINUTES with DESTINY

IN EARLY 1943, ADOLF HITLER RUSHED WORK ON THE BUILDING OF THE FLYING BOMB, OR V-2, AT THE BALTIC BASE OF PEENEMÜNDE! TOP GERMAN SCIENTISTS AND TECHNICIANS WORKED 'ROUND-THE-CLOCK PERFECTING THE WEAPON THEY SAID WOULD 'BEAT BRITAIN TO HER KNEES...'

WHEN BRITAIN FACES THIS WEAPON, SHE WILL SUE FOR PEACE IN 24 HOURS!

SCHÖN! I AM GIVING YOU TOP PRIORITY, GENERAL! YOU MUST WORK DAY AND NIGHT! ACH, WE WILL SHOW THE ENGLISH!



PEENEMÜNDE WAS A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN GERMANY! BRITISH INTELLIGENCE GOT WIND OF IT IN JULY! RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHTS TO OTHER POINTS PHOTOGRAPHED IT FURTIVELY! THEN THE RAF WAS ORDERED TO DESTROY PEENEMÜNDE AT ONCE...

GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL HAVE THREE AIMING POINTS! THE LIVING QUARTERS, THE HANGARS AND WORKSHOPS, AND THE ADMINISTRATION AND PLANS DIVISION!



THE BOMBING CREWS WERE TOLD PEENEMÜNDE WAS ONLY A RADAR STATION! BUT THEY WERE ORDERED TO DESTROY IT IN ONE RAID OR GO BACK AGAIN! ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 17, 1943, 600 BOMBERS ROARED OFF! APPROACHING BY AN INDIRECT ROUTE, THEY STRUCK...

THERE SHE IS! THE PATHFINDERS HAVE LIT UP THE AIMING POINTS! WE'LL START OUR RUN!



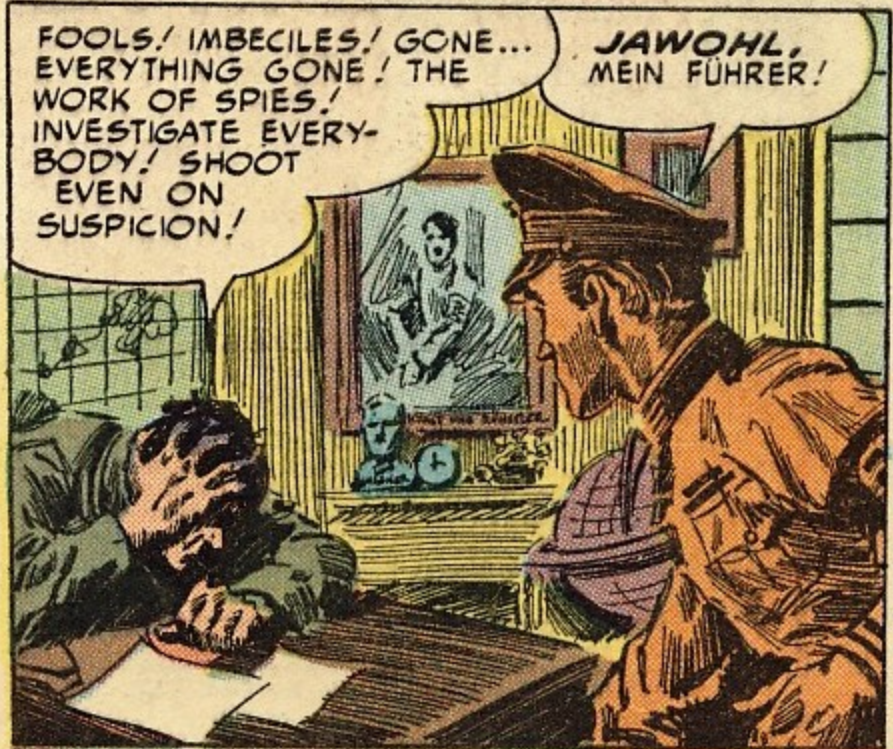
FOR FORTY MINUTES THE BOMBERS POUNDED PEENEMÜNDE! GERMAN EXPLOSIVES STORED UNDERGROUND WERE SET OFF BY BRITISH BLOCKBUSTERS AND 5000 SCIENTISTS, TECHNICIANS AND SOME OF GERMANY'S TOP MILITARY WIZARDS WERE KILLED...



THE RAID WAS A DEVASTATING SUCCESS! HITLER'S BUZZ-BOMB TIMETABLE HAD BEEN SET BACK MORE THAN SIX MONTHS! THE LUFTWAFFE, DECEYED TO BERLIN BY A MOCK RAID, FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE BRITISH BOMBERS AND SHOT DOWN 41!

FOOLS! IMBECILES! GONE... EVERYTHING GONE! THE WORK OF SPIES! INVESTIGATE EVERYBODY! SHOOT EVEN ON SUSPICION!

JAWOHL, MEIN FÜHRER!



THE BUZZ BOMB DEVELOPMENT WAS MOVED TO UNDERGROUND FORTS ON BALTIC ISLANDS! BUT MUCH TIME HAD BEEN LOST, AND WHEN THE FIRST V-2 FELL ON LONDON IN 1944, SEVEN DAYS AFTER D-DAY, IT WAS TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE! HAD IT COME AS HITLER SCHEDULED, IT MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED THE TRIUMPHANT INVASION OF Fortress EUROPE...



STREET BYRONO KINSTER

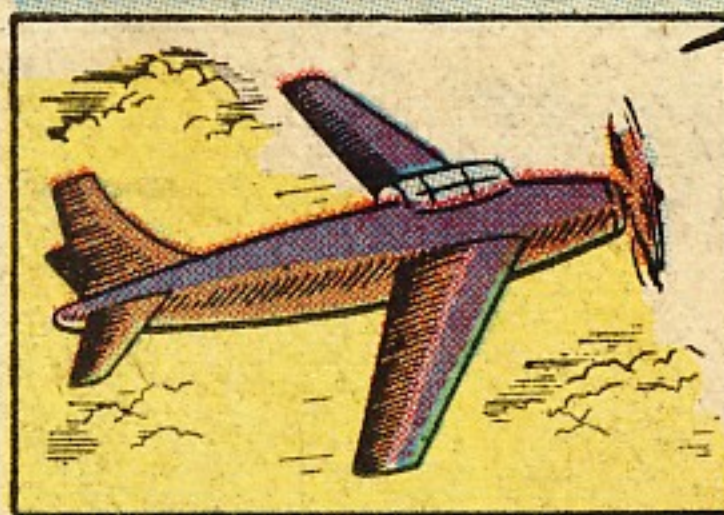
POWERFUL

Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

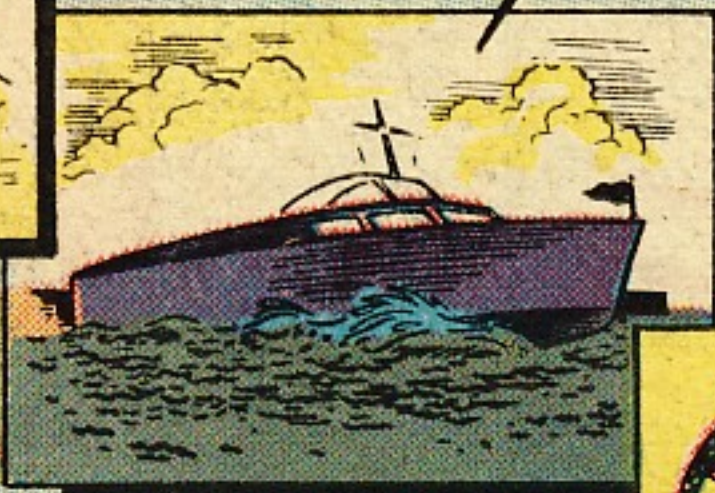
THIS amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make GO with the flip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you — ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1 1/4 inches; weighs only an ounce; turns up close to 7,000 r.p.m.'s! REVERSES instantly, too! Motor is in durable housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gear box — PLUS ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratios — up to 80-to-1.



← HERE'S AN ACTUAL SIZE of the MIGHTY MIDGET



IDEAL FOR MODEL BOATS
So Powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as fifty times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.



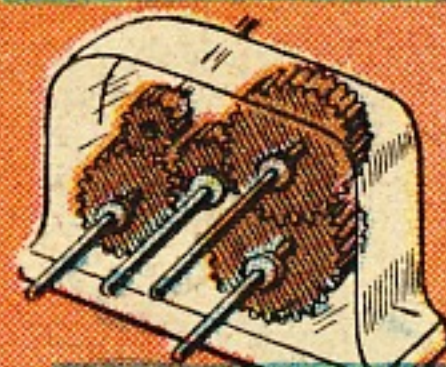
SWELL FOR PLANES!

The terrific jet-turbine-like speed of this motor makes it a "honey" for all types of model planes! (When geared down, it will actually turn a standard 6 ft. real airplane propeller!)

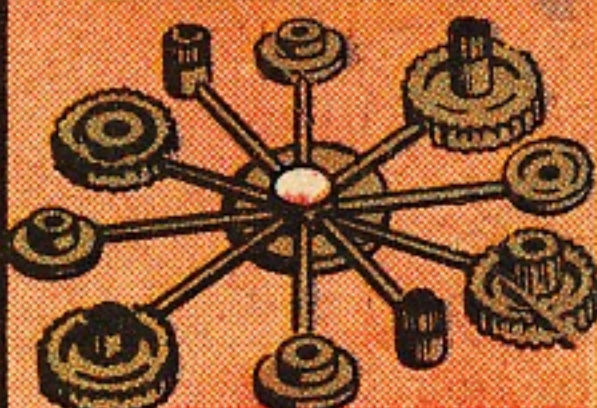
NO DANGER OF SHOCKS OR SHORTS
AND NO TRANSFORMER IS NEEDED!



RUNS ON ORDINARY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES!



MULTI-RATIO PLASTIC GEAR BOX INCLUDED!



PLUS THESE 10 EXTRA GEARS AND PULLEYS!

It's Entirely SAFE! It's EDUCATIONAL!
It's More FUN Than a Barrel of Monkeys!

Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things — with gears, direct-drive, or with pulleys and "belt-drive" arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang.

Mail coupon below, NOW, without any money. Or (if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you) simply send \$2.98 as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent POSTPAID as described above to: Imperial Sales Co., 114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.

SEND NO MONEY!

You need send no money with coupon at right. Simply tear or cut out, fill in clearly and mail to address shown. Your MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motor — complete with two fresh long-life 1 1/2 volt batteries, battery-clip, plastic gear-box fan blade and set of 10 extra gears and pulleys — ALL will be sent you by return mail. When postman delivers it, pay only \$2.98 plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, return it within ten days and your money will be refunded IN FULL! But our supply of MIGHTY MIDGET Motors is limited. So act promptly. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

JUST SHOW THIS AD TO YOUR DAD!

Your father will see at a glance how helpful this real little motor can be in an educational way. You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom — SEE the laws of Science and principles of Engineering AT WORK!

ONLY \$2.98

COMPLETE WITH GEARS AND TWO BATTERIES!

IMPERIAL SALES CO, Dept. 313
114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Yes! I want one of those new MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motors, complete with batteries, gears, etc. as described above. Rush me the "whole works" at once. I will pay postman only \$2.98, plus few cents postage, as payment in full.

NAME _____

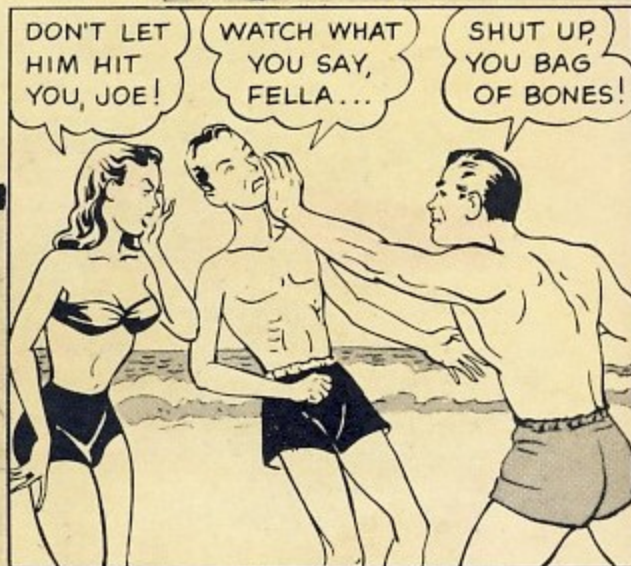
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE! Check here if you are ENCLOSING \$2.98 as payment in full, in which case we will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee applies, of course!



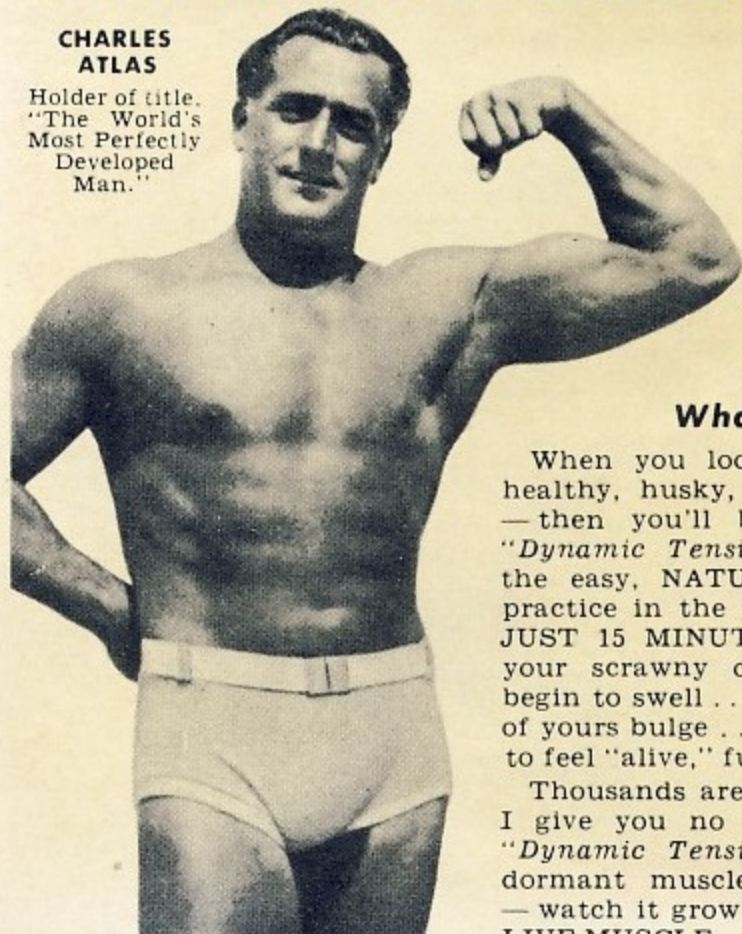
**Hey
SKINNY!
...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!**



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 376N 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 376N
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.**

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....



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Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

Send no money—we trust you
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.
DEPT. 538, LANCASTER, PA.

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Pocket Watch, Baseball Gloves, Ukulele, Table Tennis, Movie Projector, Flash Camera, Tritone Pen, Girl's Purse, Skates.

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. 538, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 45 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

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For girls & ladies.
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